Vol 6 The War Illustrated N° 738

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE

OCTOBER 2, 1942

BATTLE IN BRITAIN! Under conditions resembling as nearly as possible "the real thing," men undergoing a course at the Royal Marines Battle Training School in the West Country advance to storm a heavily-constructed and well-defended strong point. The Marines are trained to carry out landings, attack prepared positions, and face fire from live ammunition, and in a special assault course they are initiated in the highly-developed technique of unarmed combat and the overcoming of formidable obstacles, ranging from barbed wire to the scaling of high cliffs.

Photo, Central Press

ALONG THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Our Military Critic, Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

WHEN Parliament met on Sept. 9 Mr. Churchill gave an encouraging review of the general situation. We have reason to think that it was not over-optimistic in spite of the increasingly serious situation in Russia.

In Egypt our position had been greatly improved by the defeat of Rommel's attack. In the Far East the Allies were steadily consolidating their defences and had made the first counter-offensive moves. In China Chiang Kai-shek's armies had struck back with much greater success than could have been expected in their isolated position. Mr. Churchill's report on the achievements of the Allied navies and on the progress made in the anti-U-boat campaign was particularly heartening; and his explanation of the purpose of the Dieppe raid confirmed the generally accepted view that it was a necessary and largely successful reconnaissance in force.

ADMIRAL OKTYABRSKY (in oilskins), commander of the Russian Black Sea Fleet, is seen aboard the cruiser Krasny Krym. He was in charge of the naval base of Novorossisk, which the Russians evacuated on Sept. 11. Situated on the N. Caucasian coast, Novorossisk became the main Black Sea base for Russian warships after the fall of Sevastopol last July. *Photo, Keystone*

EGYPT On Monday, August 31, Rommel's expected attack on the 8th Army, under its new commander, Gen. Montgomery, was launched. The main position of the 8th Army did not extend from the sea to the Qattara Depression, but was L-shaped, running southwards from the coast to include the Ruweisat Ridge and then with its flank thrown far back eastwards. The gap between the angle thus formed and the Qattara depression was closed by minefields and guarded by mobile troops.

As was anticipated, Rommel's main attack with his armoured and motorized divisions struck at this gap; while his less mobile divisions, mainly Italian, delivered an attack, probably intended only to hold our troops to their ground, against the west-facing front of the position. The latter attack was easily repelled, sustaining heavy losses, but the main attack made progress through the minefields. Rommel was evidently repeating the tactics he employed in his original attack at Gazala, intending to bring our armoured troops to decisive action and then roll up the flank and cut off the retreat of the main body of our army. This time, however, he had not the open spaces of the desert available for rapid manoeuvre, and his advance through the minefields was perforce slow and deliberate. Furthermore, General Montgomery had no intention of seeking a decisive armoured encounter against an opponent who still possessed some superiority in weight of armament, though not in numerical strength, and who was highly skilled in the employment of anti-tank artillery. Any serious reverse our armour suffered might have had disastrous results; it therefore fell back, harassing the enemy's force and inflicting casualties on it as opportunity offered—exploiting the advantage of its superior speed.

When he had got clear of the minefields Rommel turned sharp north, striking towards Montgomery's main line of communication; but here he found our turned back flank fully prepared to meet him with masses of 6-pdr anti-tank guns and 25-pounders. On Wednesday (Sept. 2) the crisis of the battle came; for Rommel, constantly losing supply vehicles from Allied air attacks and the harassing tactics of our armour, had no option but to attack our strong flank which, owing to his supply difficulties, he could not by-pass or turn. He launched his armour against it, but, failing to make an impression and suffering heavy casualties, retreat became the only course he could take. Slowly and deliberately he fell back in good order, retrieving many of his damaged vehicles, but leaving many on the battlefield which was in our possession.

Rommel had sustained a heavy reverse, but not a crushing disaster; for Montgomery, although he launched counter-attacks to recover lost ground and inflict punishment, was not in a position to deliver a counter-blow on a scale which alone could have gained a decisive victory. His enemy was still formidable and he himself was still awaiting the reinforcements dispatched at the time of the disaster in Libya. He had fought a highly successful defensive battle, and, as he expressed it, "had given his enemy a bloody nose."

By the end of the week Rommel was back practically in his original position, but much weakened and retaining only bridgeheads in our minefields. These might eventually facilitate renewal of attack, but it was evident that, with his land and sea communications constantly under attack by our Air Force and Navy, it would be some time before he could gather strength for a new attempt. A lull has again set in, and it may not be Rommel who will break it.

AXIS FORCES were pushed back westward of the Hemeimat minefields following Rommel's attempt to pierce our lines in the Egyptian desert at the beginning of September. *By courtesy of The Times*

RUSSIAN FRONT, showing the approximate battle-line in the early days of September. At Leningrad and Rzhev the Russians returned to the attack, but in the Stalingrad area Von Bock's Nazis were making tremendous efforts to reach the Volga. *By courtesy of The Times*

What was the scope of Rommel's intentions when he delivered his attack? Did he consider that he was strong enough to carry through a far-reaching invasion of the Nile Delta, or had he a more limited object? I suggest that his main object was to inflict another heavy defeat on the 8th Army and to drive it out of the El Alamein bottleneck before it received further reinforcements. His hand was to some degree forced, and he was compelled to act before he had gathered strength sufficient for a more ambitious campaign.

THERE is, of course, no saying where he might have stopped if he had won a really crushing victory: but even if he had only forced the 8th Army to retire with heavy losses the situation for us would have been very serious. He would have gained a sally-port from which a more ambitious campaign could be launched when his strength had grown. Furthermore, if our Navy

were forced to use a base farther east than Alexandria, Rommel's sea communications would be less precarious, and reinforcements released from Russia during the winter would no doubt have reached him. As a result of the battle he has not even achieved this limited object, but now finds himself in a weakened condition faced by Montgomery's growing strength. Moreover, the 8th Army has gained complete confidence in its new commander and suffered no serious loss.

The Allied Air Force played a great part in the victory and a new high standard of co-operation with the Army has been attained. Rommel's air force had been reinforced, though perhaps not to the extent that might have been expected, but it never was able seriously to challenge our air superiority or to achieve important results, even when used for concentrated attacks.

RUSSIA With Von Bock concentrating the bulk of his forces on the Volga front and pressing his attack on Stalingrad regardless of cost, the situation by the middle of September had become more serious than ever. The Russian resistance continued to be magnificent, and the removal of shipping up the river was a sign that the battle would be fought out without thought of retreat.

Von Bock's first drive against the city from the north-west looked at one time likely to succeed, but it was met by strong counter-attacks and defeated. Then the attack from the Kotelnikov direction seemed to be most dangerous, but it was checked by stubborn Russian defence. In desperation, Von Bock, bringing up fresh reserves, then hurled them at the city from the west in the centre of his line. Maintaining his attack relentlessly with his armour, supported by immense concentrations of aircraft, he drove a wedge into the Russian defences, and slowly closed on the outskirts of the city—using his infantry prodigally to expand the opening made. The losses on both sides mounted at an appalling rate.

Russian reinforcements from the north, though in the later stage unable to reach the city, meanwhile strengthened the force which had retained its hold west of the Don in the Kletskaya area. Gallant attempts were made by these troops to bring relief to the city by counter-attacks on Von Bock's left flank; but though they had some success, these counter-strokes did not succeed in reducing the violence of the German main attack. Nor could the Russian Air Force seriously dispute the air superiority which the concentration of the Luftwaffe had locally established. Yet till the middle of the month Russian tenacity had checked all Von Bock's attempts to achieve decisive results.

In the Caucasus the weight of the German attack had obviously been reduced by the necessity of using all reserves on the Volga front. The drive eastwards along the Baku railway towards the Grozny oil-fields and the Caspian coast was maintained; but after a precarious foothold had been secured across the Terek river it was brought to a standstill sixty miles short of Grozny.

There had been no slackening, however, in the attack on Novorossisk and, five days after a premature claim by the Germans to have effected its capture, the Russians were forced to evacuate the port. It remains to be seen whether this loss will fatally affect the activities of the Black Sea fleet. If it is unable to prevent the Germans making use of the port for the supply of their southern armies the consequences will be serious. For sea communications would be of first importance to the enemy when autumn and winter weather reduces the relief that can be afforded by motor transport to railways. The Black Sea fleet can still use Tuapse and Batum, but Tuapse is threatened and Batum is not a good harbour or well-equipped port.

The Russian counter-offensive in the north maintains pressure, but has not yet achieved notable success. It is, however, a source of anxiety to the Germans, and its intensification east of Leningrad may develop into a major attempt to break the encirclement of the city.

MADAGASCAR, the Vichy French island controlling the southern gateway to the Indian Ocean. Here, on Sept. 10, Britain was again forced to take military action, and successful landings were made at various points on the west coast. *By courtesy of News Chronicle*

WESTERN FRONT There have been interesting and, possibly, important developments in the bombing attack on Germany. Bomber Command, without neglecting industrial establishments, has turned its attention especially to German railway communications. The remarkable bombing exploits of the Russians appear to have similar objectives.

It seems probable that attacks on communications, if carried out on an extensive scale, are more likely to have greater immediate effects on operations in progress than attacks on war industries. An army engaged in active operations requires to be fed by an uninterrupted stream of supplies of all sorts. Interruption of the stream is at once felt, whereas the reserves, which industry is constantly building up, are certain to be adequate to maintain the stream over a considerable period.

The very successful daylight raids by Flying Fortress bombers at heights which make them immune to fire from the ground is also a promising development. The speed and powerful armament of these machines have, so far, also proved capable of protecting them against fighter attacks. With improved sights, daylight attacks even from the highest altitudes are more effective against small targets than those made by night, and few bombs are wasted.

MADAGASCAR On Sept. 10 it was announced that our forces in Madagascar had landed at several ports on the western coast of the island and had met in some cases with sharp resistance. From these ports and from Diego Suarez, previously occupied, our troops advanced to occupy Antananarivo, the capital, and other important centres inland. These measures had clearly become necessary owing to the hostile attitude of the Vichy Government, and its refusal to allow the local authorities to establish relations with our occupying administration. There was reason to suspect facilities might be given to the Japanese to use unoccupied ports in the island as bases for U-boats or aircraft operating against our vital lines of sea communications to the the Middle East, which pass through the Mozambique Channel.

MAJ.-GEN. G. A. CLOWES, D.S.O., commanding the Australian forces who repelled with great loss the Japanese attack on Milne Bay, Papua, towards the end of August (see page 195). *Photo, Keystone*

FAR EAST In New Guinea the defeat of their landing at Milne Bay did not deter the Japanese from developing their main attack across the Owen Stanley Mountains towards Port Moresby.

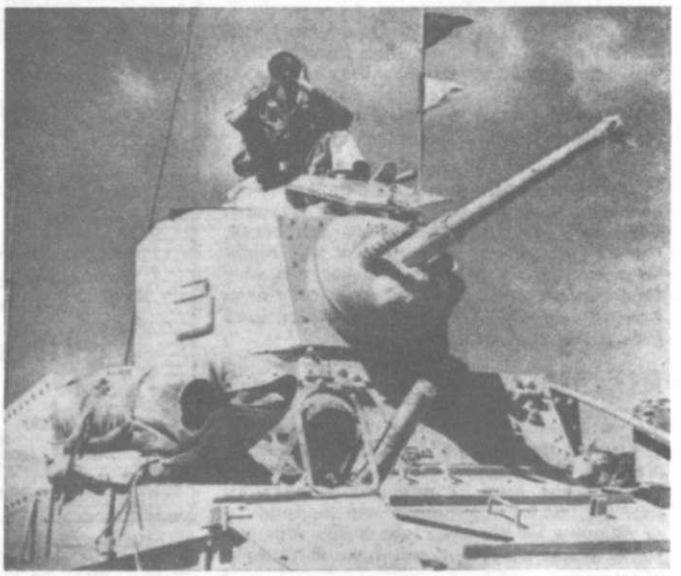
As I was afraid, the physical obstacle of the mountains did not prove as insurmountable as many believed it would.

The defence is handicapped by the difficulty of learning quickly the enemy's movements, and by the absence of lateral communications by which reserves could be moved to danger points. Moreover, as the attack gains ground it can make use of the improvements the defenders have carried out on their rearward communications. The Japanese attack made somewhat alarming progress and crossed the crest of the range before it was checked some 40 miles from its objective. But the Australians, though forced to give ground, had not been defeated.

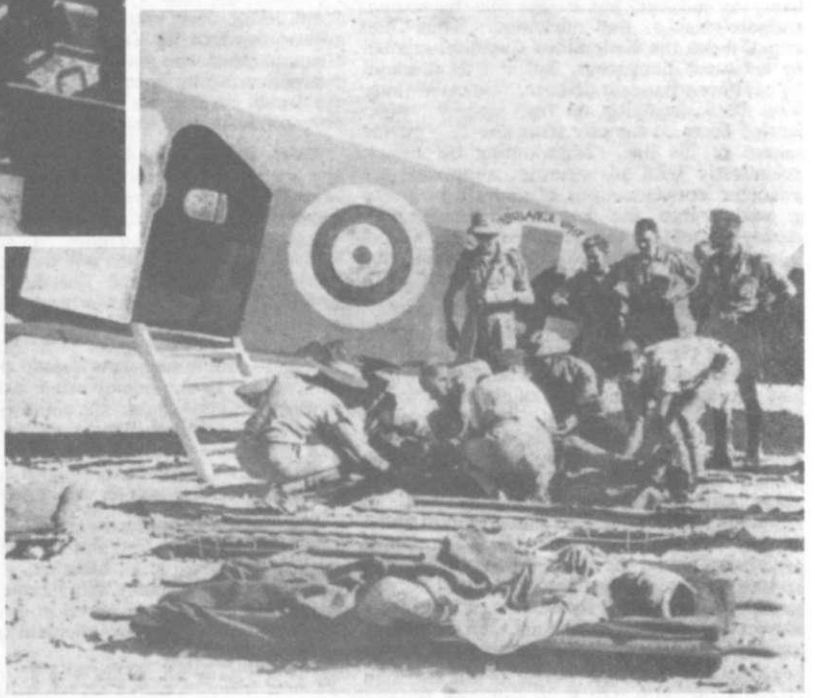
IN PAPUA, New Guinea, the Japanese drive southwards to Port Moresby, through the wild jungle tracks of the Owen Stanley Range, was halted by Allied troops, and bitter fighting ensued in the Kokoda-Efogi area. *By courtesy of The Evening Standard*

During the Lull in the Fighting in Egypt

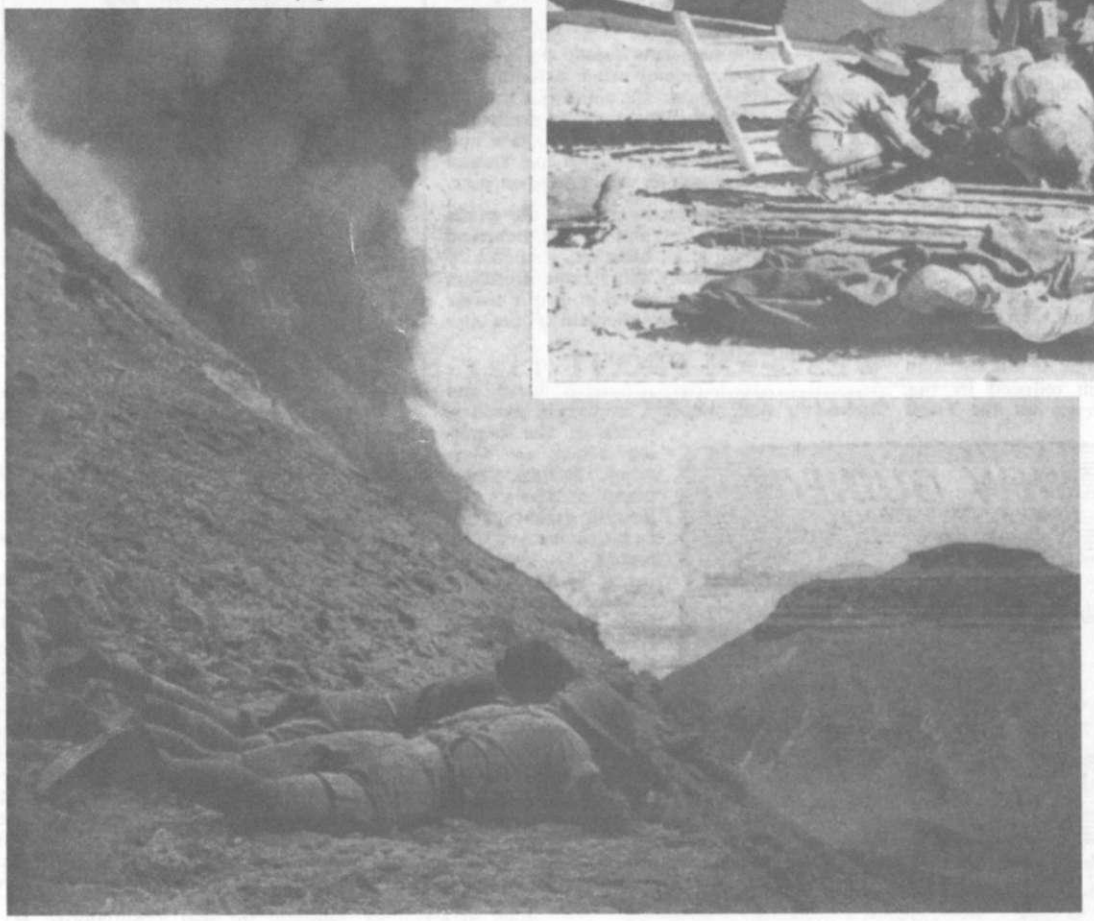
IN ACTION IN EGYPT, one of our six-pounder anti-tank guns. Enemy shells are bursting just ahead. Details of this new and very satisfactory British gun are to be found in page 217.



GENERAL STEWART TANK (nicknamed "Honey")—one of the many American tanks with British crews that are confronting Rommel's Panzers in the desert to the west of Egypt.



EN ROUTE TO CAIRO: wounded men being placed aboard a Red Cross aeroplane for quick transport from the fighting zone to the hospitals at the base.



EL HEMEIMAT, on the edge of the salt marshes that constitute the Qattara Depression, is only about 200 ft. high, but in that region it is conspicuous enough. It lies about 25 miles south of El Alamein, and here an Axis offensive was launched on August 31. Previous to the attack the enemy's renewed activity had been reported by our patrols, two of whom are seen left, making observations in this grim and desolate area.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press

Free China Launches a New Offensive

U.S. airmen, whose base is in India and whose job is to fly war supplies to China, are here seen receiving last-minute instructions before taking-off.

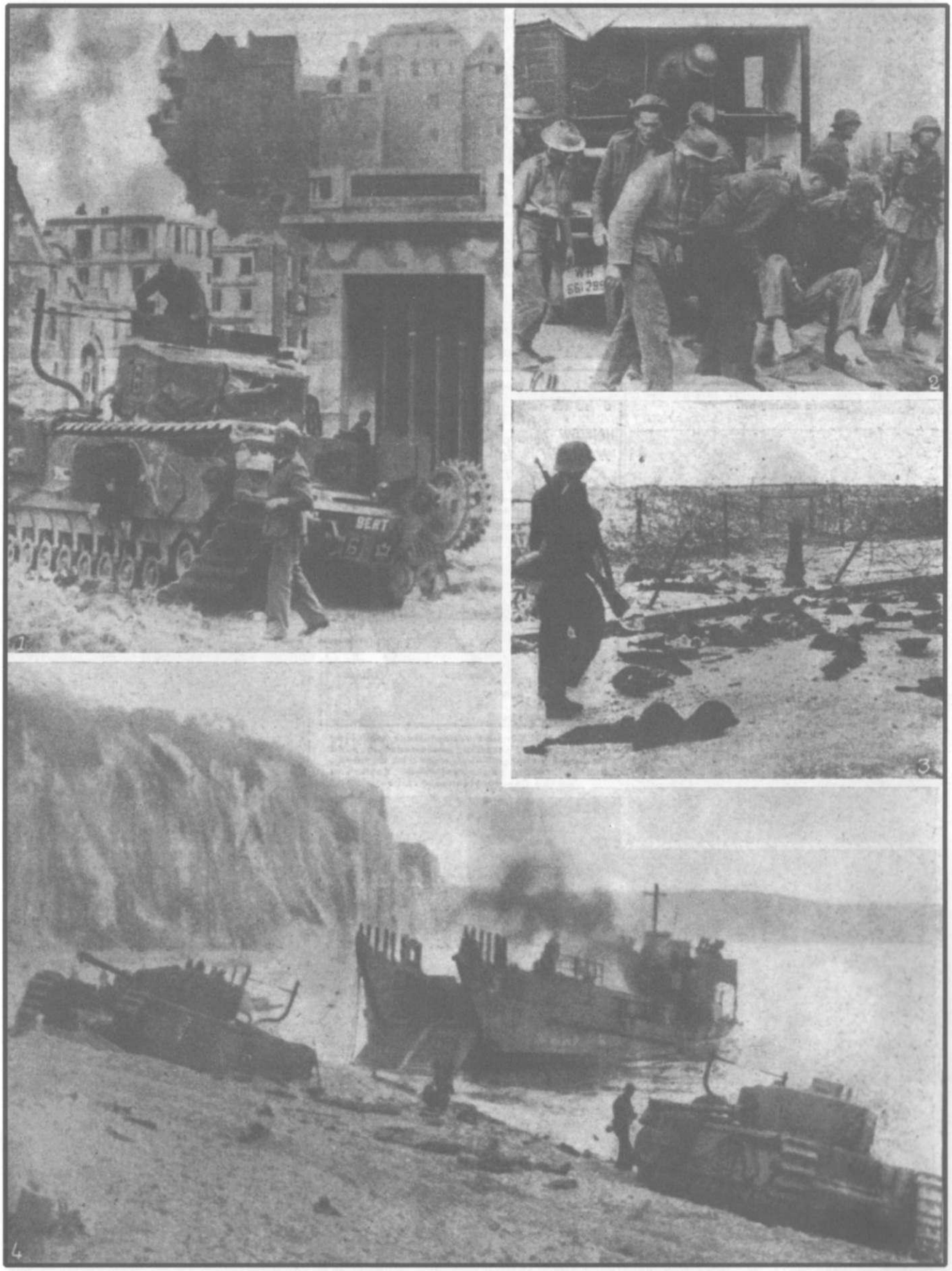
Supplies being loaded into one of the giant American transport planes which reach China from India along what has been termed the Burma Road of the Air.

In Sept. 1942 Chinese troops were attacking Nanchang and pressing eastwards beyond Chuhsien (whence Tokyo might be bombed), and had retaken Pakonghow and Yuan Tan on the Canton-Hankow railway.

CHINA FIGHTS ON UNDAUNTED. Centre left, a young recruit to a Chinese military academy; right, Maj. John Pun-Yung Hwang, a fighter ace who, after five years of very active service against the Japanese, has come to London as Air Attaché at the Chinese Embassy. Bottom left, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, indefatigable in her work for the wounded, visits a military hospital; right, a senior officer of the Chinese Army salutes men wounded in the North Hunan battle.

Photos, British Official; Sport & General, Topical

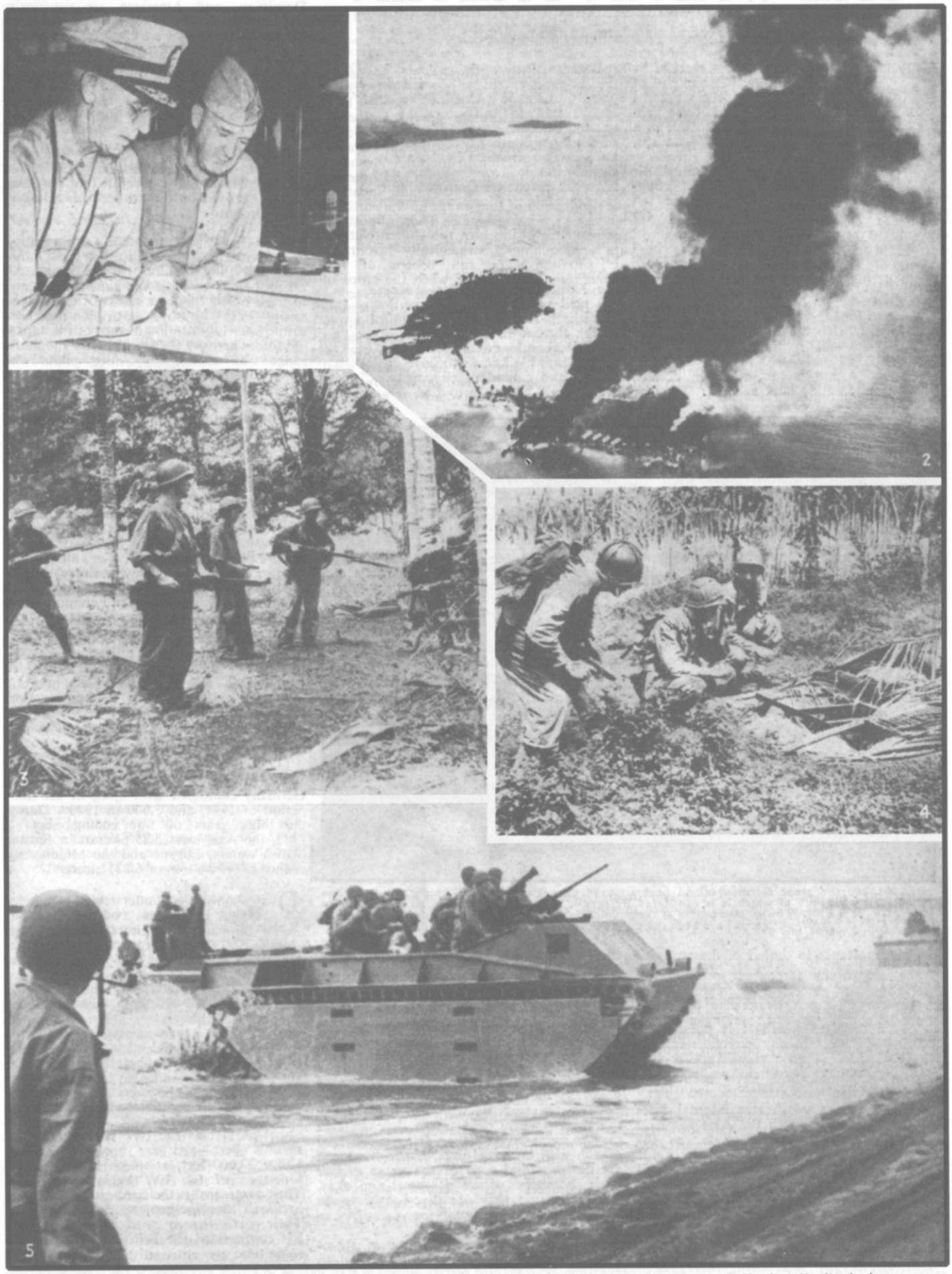
After the Raid: German Photos of Dieppe



"A HARD, SAVAGE CLASH, a reconnaissance in force, an indispensable preliminary to full-scale operations"—these were the phrases used by Mr. Churchill in his war survey of Sept. 8 to describe the attack on Dieppe. These photographs from an enemy source show: 1, Abandoned Canadian tank. 2, British prisoners assisting wounded men to stretchers under German escort. 3, British "tin hats" collected on Dieppe beach after the raid. 4, Burning landing-craft and damaged tanks on the shore.

Photos, Keystone

America's Storming Parties in the Solomons



THE ATTACK ON THE SOLOMONS in mid-August was planned by Rear-Adm. R. K. Turner and Maj.-Gen. A. A. Vandergrift (1), the latter commanding the landing forces. 2, Black smoke rising from Tanambogo Island after Japanese defences had been bombed by American planes; top left is seen Gavutu Island. 3, U.S. Marines search for snipers in a palm grove on Guadalcanal Island. 4, Japanese machine-gun emplacement on Guadalcanal. 5, One of the amphibian tanks which landed the Marines on the island. *Photos, Keystone, Planet News, Central Press, Associated Press*

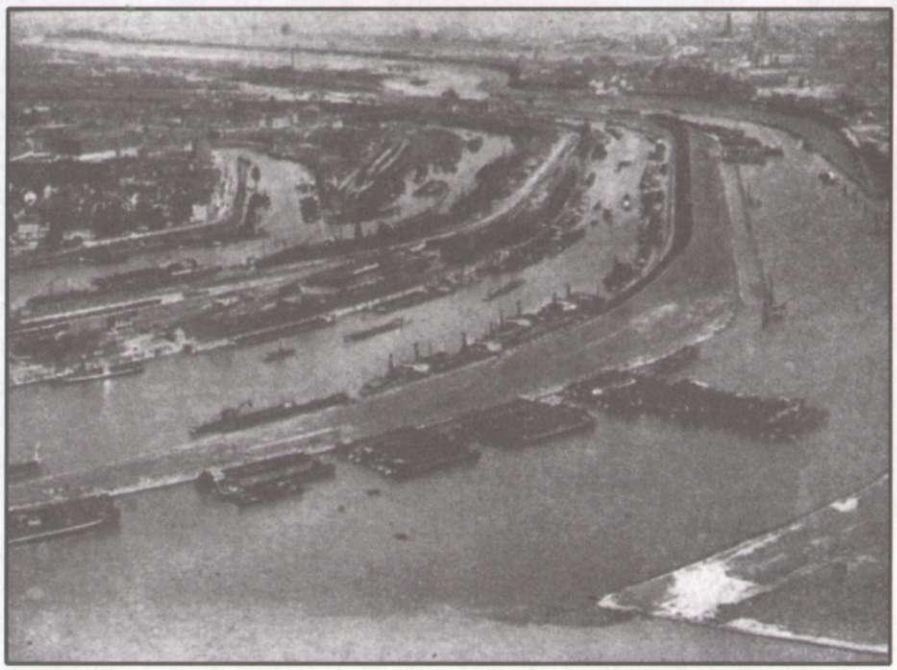
THE WAR IN THE AIR

by **Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.**

STRATEGICALLY, the air war has reached its most interesting stage. The moves of the opposing forces to their present geographical combatant positions have produced what President Roosevelt called, in a recent speech, " this global war "—an apt, if somewhat ugly, term.

The special significance of the strategic air situation is now the almost equidistant grouping of the vital zones. Note these ten examples: (1) Brest to Stalingrad; (2) England to New York; (3) New York to San Francisco; (4) San Francisco to the narrows of the Bering Strait; (5) the narrows of the Bering Strait to the main island of Japan; (6) Japan to Port Moresby; (7) Port Moresby to New Zealand; (8) New Guinea to Singapore; (9) Japan to the Bay of Bengal; (10) the Bay of Bengal to the Caspian Sea—all represent a distance of between 2,500 and 3,000 miles. Some are separated by land masses, others by oceans, some by alternating land and sea.

Because British flying-boats have from the beginning had to face long Atlantic patrols, because American aircraft have always had to traverse great continental spaces, because Britain adopted the policy of the large bomber before the war began—the strategic situation in the air is swinging steadily in our favour. Britain and America have far surpassed Germany and Japan in the production of long-range aircraft of both land and sea-going types. Thus, almost for the first time in this war, the United Nations are approaching a strategically favourable air situation. The full benefit of this advantage will be reaped when the crops of the Northern Hemisphere are ready to be cut next year, but already we are gleaning something from the less bountiful harvest of the current air season. The dropping of 4,000-lb. bombs on the rear areas of Rommel's armies is known to have created great havoc, and caused much damage by blast. If Rommel has hitherto had the advantage



DUISBURG, the great German inland port situated between the rivers Rhine and Ruhr (see page 236), with both of which it is connected by canals, was heavily attacked by the R.A.F. on Sept. 6. It is a highly important centre of communications, and its railway junctions, marshalling yards, and quays have been the target of many British bombing raids.

The importance to the air of the grouping of the combatant forces is most easily observed on a globe. A Mercator chart of the world is useless, because distances cannot be compared on it; failing a globe, choose a map on which it is possible to measure distances in any direction from a standard scale. Then you will realize that lines of communication have become a problem of equal importance to both sides.

The advantage of shorter internal lines of communication which the Axis formerly possessed has disappeared so far as the air is concerned. The flying distances for both sides are now approximately equal along the communication lines. That, as much as the growing output of the United Nations' aircraft factories, contributes to the increased air strength of the Allies. German aircraft built in Rostock, Bremen, or in the factories in France which make German aircraft, must now fly as far to reach the Trans-Caucasian front as if they had to cross the North Atlantic ocean.

in size of guns (both in and out of tanks) we are now able to beat him in the size of bombs.

The large bomb has a far greater radius of effect than a large shell of equal size, because the percentage of weight carried in the form of explosive is greater in the case of the bomb. Add to that the fact that a 4,000-lb. bomb is approximately twice as heavy as the largest shell, and it becomes possible to assess its worth in a place like the desert, where devastation over an area may be more valuable than extreme accuracy of aim with a limited area of effect. These are the pros and cons of the value of our large bombers versus Rommel's Stukas, which, because they are dive-bombers, are limited in the size of bomb they can carry.

THE pre-attack heavy bombing of Rommel's rear areas is held to have had an important bearing on his unsuccessful assault on the British positions along the El Alamein-Qattara Depression line, which began at 12.50 a.m. on Monday, August 31. Throughout the whole operation British, Dominion, and American air superiority was never in doubt, and it is noteworthy that the heavy bombers were the first to discover that Rommel's men were on the move.

On Sept. 2 and 3 all Allied records for the number of bomber sorties over the desert were broken, and in six nights over 1,000,000 lb. of bombs were dropped on Rommel's troops.

During the third year of the war ending on Sept. 2, the Middle East Command destroyed 1,417 enemy aircraft (not including those destroyed on the ground) for a loss of 1,114 aircraft.

IN the Far East the main centres of air activity have been in the New Guinea area and the Solomon Islands zone. Air action helped to repel the Japanese attempt to seize Milne Bay as a part of the offensive against Port Moresby. Australian resistance to the later infiltration advance of the Japanese forces across the Owen Stanley mountain range was assisted by Allied pilots who made low-flying bombing and machine-gun attacks against the Japanese forces. The Japanese base at Buna has been heavily bombed. In the Solomons, Japanese assaults against the islands retaken by the Americans met strong air defensive opposition. Fifteen Japanese bombers and five fighters were shot down in three days.

In Europe the Red Air Force has continued its attacks against Axis targets. During the fortnight from August 29 to Sept. 12 raids were effected against Budapest, Vienna, Jena, Berlin, Breslau, Warsaw, and Königsberg—a line within enemy territory roughly parallel to the Russian front and along which lie important Axis centres of communication and important war-industry targets.

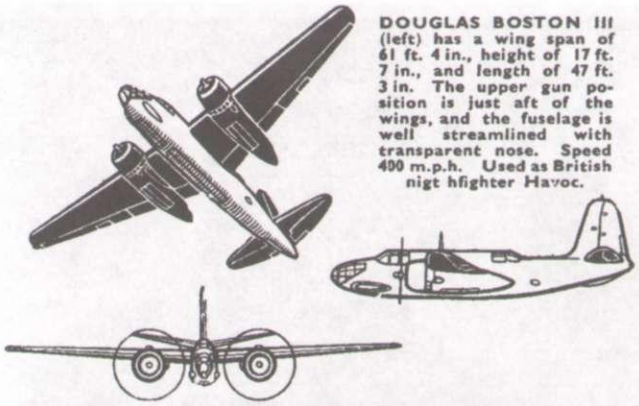
Main targets of Bomber Command during this period were Saarbrücken, Karlsruhe, Bremen, Duisburg/Ruhrort, Frankfurt/Rhineland, and Düsseldorf—all important manufacturing centres; 70 bombers were lost in these raids. Air crews reported meeting heavier enemy anti-aircraft defences in guns and searchlights.

Latest figures show that during June and July 1942, some 13,000 tons of bombs fell on Germany compared with 8,500 in the same period of 1941, and 3,500 in 1940. During the three years of war ending Sept. 2, 1942, the Axis lost 8,985 aircraft in Britain, British waters, Europe and the Middle East against a British loss of 6,231 aircraft.

DURING the period under review American Flying Fortresses bombed by day Rouen rail-yards, an aircraft factory near Albert, St. Omer aerodrome, Rotterdam shipyards and Utrecht rail-yards, and lost only two aircraft. On the last-mentioned raid, their fourteenth, they shot down 12 enemy fighters when flying without escort. The secret of their remarkable achievements lies in their turbo-superchargers, which give them exceptional engine-power at great heights. From this characteristic they are said to be 60 to 70 miles an hour faster than equivalent British bombers (although they carry a smaller bomb load), and they can operate at a greater height. They are thus about as fast as the FW 190 fighter—Germany's best—and are probably superior above 22,000 feet, at which height the performance of the FW begins to fall off. Their armament is the hard-hitting American half-inch machine-gun, mounted in blisters. Their performance with American crews has confounded the British technicians who some time ago criticized the Fortress.

During August 1942, the R.A.F. destroyed 247 enemy aircraft and lost 378 in Europe and Middle East zones.

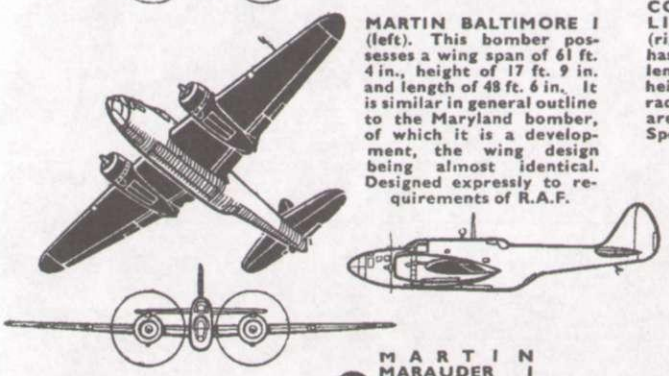
How to Recognize American Bombers in Britain



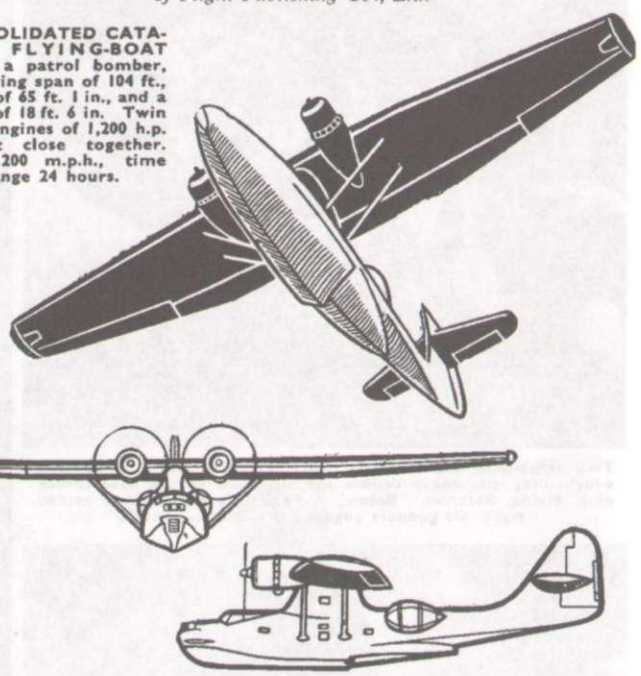
DOUGLAS BOSTON III (left) has a wing span of 61 ft. 4 in., height of 17 ft. 7 in., and length of 47 ft. 3 in. The upper gun position is just aft of the wings, and the fuselage is well streamlined with transparent nose. Speed 400 m.p.h. Used as British night fighter Havoc.

LONG before the U.S.A. entered the war varied types of American aircraft had been made available to the R.A.F. under Lease-Lend arrangements to supplement the British output of planes. Earlier examples and old favourites were the Lockheed Hudson reconnaissance plane and the Catalina flying-boat, made by Consolidated Aircraft, Inc. By mid-1941 ten or twelve fighters and bombers were also in service with the R.A.F. Now nearly 30 American types are regularly employed, from fighters and dive-bombers to the big four-engined bombers seen here, many of them in very considerable quantities. Here are illustrated five of the latest bombers and one flying-boat. The most famous of all, and one with a remarkable record of high bombing efficiency and extremely low casualty rate, is the Boeing Fortress II (*see* also page 234). In America it is the Boeing B 17E and described as an Army 24-ton bomber. The U.S. Army has a bomber, Douglas B19, much larger than the Fortress; it is an 82-ton machine carrying 18 tons of bombs with a range well over 7,000 miles. A later page will illustrate U.S. fighters, dive-bombers, reconnaissance and army cooperation machines.

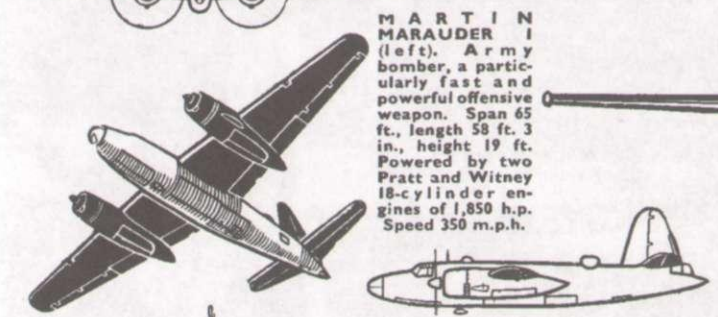
Diagrams by permission from a chart issued by Flight; Copyright of Flight Publishing Co., Ltd.



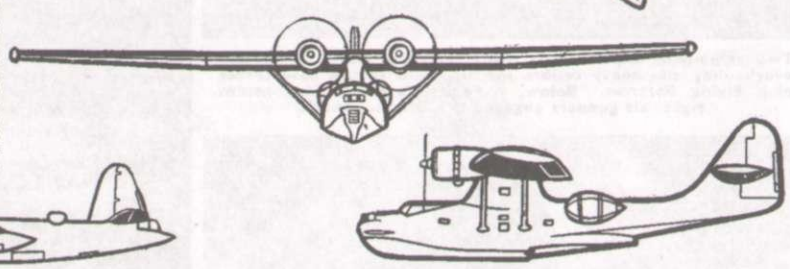
MARTIN BALTIMORE I (left). This bomber possesses a wing span of 61 ft. 4 in., height of 17 ft. 9 in. and length of 48 ft. 6 in. It is similar in general outline to the Maryland bomber, of which it is a development, the wing design being almost identical. Designed expressly to requirements of R.A.F.

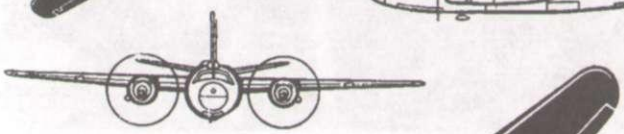


CONSOLIDATED CATALINA FLYING-BOAT (right), a patrol bomber, has a wing span of 104 ft., length of 65 ft. 1 in., and a height of 18 ft. 6 in. Twin radial engines of 1,200 h.p. are set close together. Speed 200 m.p.h., time range 24 hours.

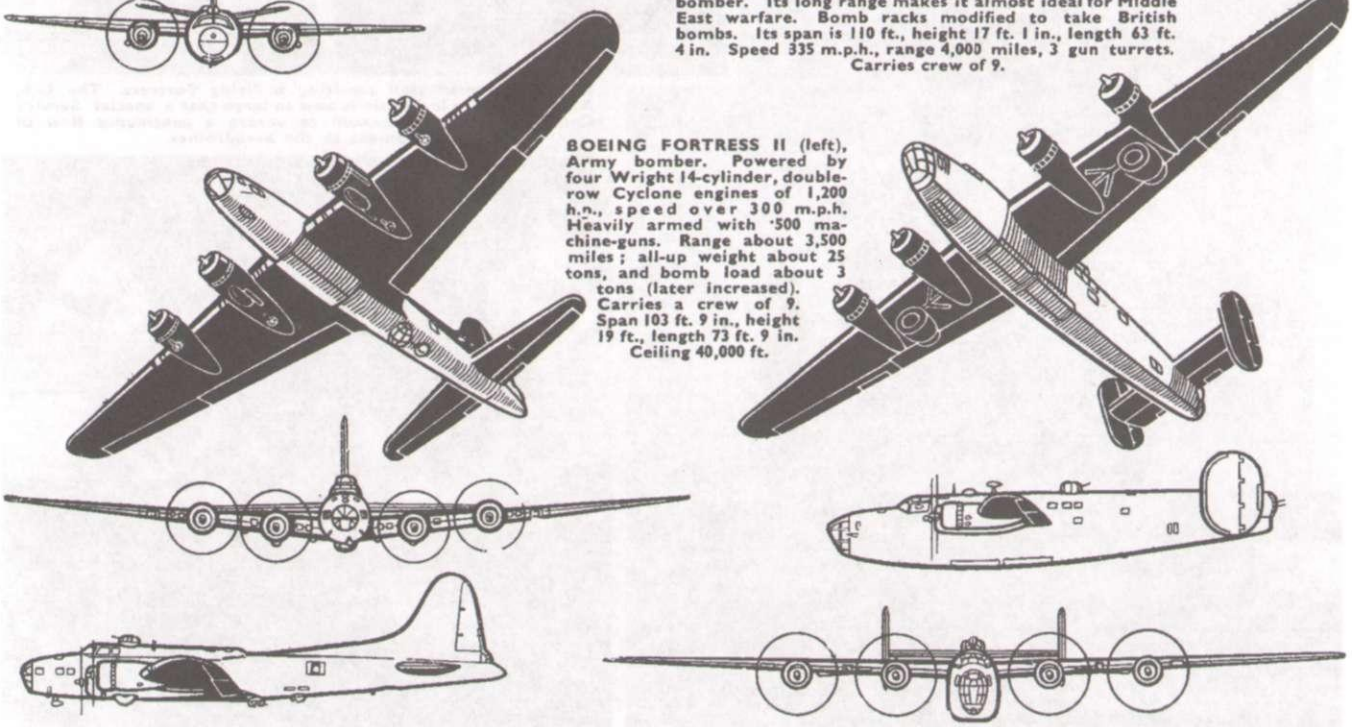


MARTIN MARAUDER I (left). Army bomber, a particularly fast and powerful offensive weapon. Span 65 ft., length 58 ft. 3 in., height 19 ft. Powered by two Pratt and Witney 18-cylinder engines of 1,850 h.p. Speed 350 m.p.h.





CONSOLIDATED LIBERATOR II (below right), Army bomber. Its long range makes it almost ideal for Middle East warfare. Bomb racks modified to take British bombs. Its span is 110 ft., height 17 ft. 1 in., length 63 ft. 4 in. Speed 335 m.p.h., range 4,000 miles, 3 gun turrets. Carries crew of 9.



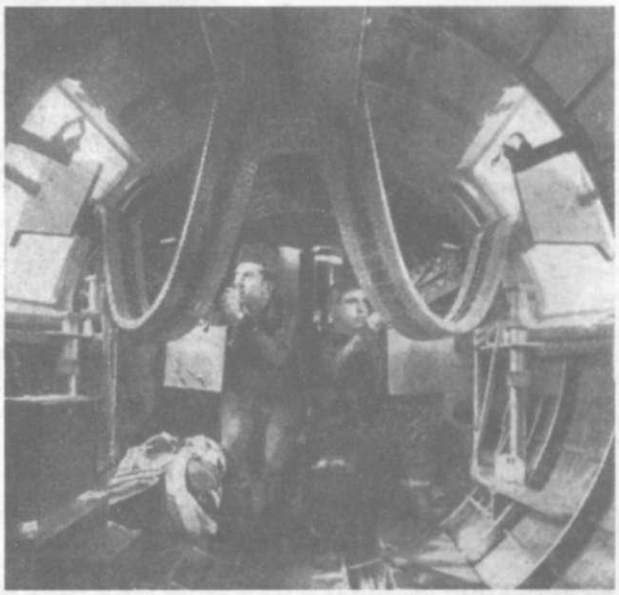
BOEING FORTRESS II (left), Army bomber. Powered by four Wright 14-cylinder, double-row Cyclone engines of 1,200 h.p., speed over 300 m.p.h. Heavily armed with ·500 machine-guns. Range about 3,500 miles; all-up weight about 25 tons, and bomb load about 3 tons (later increased). Carries a crew of 9. Span 103 ft. 9 in., height 19 ft., length 73 ft. 9 in. Ceiling 40,000 ft.

IDENTIFICATION DRAWINGS of U.S.A. aircraft now in regular service with the R.A.F. and frequently to be seen in British skies. The characteristics of the machines are given in underside, broadside and head-on views to assist quick recognition. The drawings show the machines in relative sizes. The largest is the Liberator with a span of 110 ft., the Boston and Baltimore bombers being 61 ft. 4 in. These may be considered the principal American types of their classes operating with the R.A.F.

Flying Fortresses on an English Airfield

Two armament experts, one R.A.F. and the other American, overhauling the heavy calibre machine-guns in the base turret of a Flying Fortress. Below, a Fortress's tail, and (bottom right) air gunners engaged in a practice shoot.

American ground staff servicing a Flying Fortress. The U.S. Army Air Force in Britain is now so large that a special Service Command has been created to ensure a continuous flow of equipment to the aerodromes.



USED BY THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE on operations from R.A.F. bases, the Flying Fortresses are manned by American crews and serviced by American ground staff. These photographs were taken at a bomber station in England where hundreds of pilots, air-gunners, navigators and bomb-aimers receive their final training. Speed, high-flying, and their armament—they carry 12 machine-guns whose 5-inch ammo. has a longer range and greater hitting power than our 303-inch—make these giant planes most formidable opponents.

Photos, Photopress, Planet News

Fierce Battle in the City of the Cossacks

FIGHTING IN THE STREETS OF ROSTOV-ON-DON developed on an extremely fierce scale as the Germans forced their way through the suburbs of the city. The Russians evacuated Rostov on July 27, and with its fall the Germans were enabled to advance towards Stalingrad and the Caucasus, establishing a series of bridgeheads across the Don. Here are seen German infantrymen crawling forward, aided by field guns on the opposite side of the street. *Photo, Keystone*

This Is the Ruhr We Bomb So Often

"Objectives in the Ruhr." How many times have we encountered that phrase in the Air Ministry's bulletins!—and we may expect it to be repeated time and again until the war is won. For the Ruhr, as this article makes clear, is one of the most important, perhaps the most vital, of the centres of Hitler's war machine.

IN geography the Ruhr is a little river which, rising in the hills of Westphalia, runs for some 140 miles to join the Lower Rhine at Ruhrort, between Düsseldorf and the Dutch frontier. But the term is commonly given a much wider, though rather indefinite, implication. The Ruhrgebiet, as the Germans call it—the Ruhr area or district—is not co-extensive with the basin of the Ruhr, but stretches beyond it on all sides, even to the left bank of the Rhine. Roughly speaking, it includes the area between Duisburg and Düsseldorf and Dortmund and the much-bombed Hamm, but sometimes it is considered to reach as far south as Cologne. Furthermore, the Ruhr is not even an administrative area.

GOEBBELS IN COLOGNE observes for himself the result of an R.A.F. 1,000-bomber raid. Cologne, situated on the edge of the Ruhr, has been subjected to some of our most violent attacks. *Photo, Keystone*

BUT if only a small portion of the Ruhr is taken up by the Ruhr basin, how has its naming come about? The answer lies beneath the soil through which the little river makes its way. Not far down—indeed, in the early days of the industry outcropping was the vogue—lie vast coal measures, some of the best coal in Europe, coal which can be converted most economically into excellent coke, and which is so gas-free that the miners can carry open-flame candles.

Most of the coal mines now being worked lie to the north of the river, between it and the Rhine-Herne Canal, but the name which first came into prominence a hundred years ago still sticks. "The Ruhr" is sure of its place in history.

In the Ruhr there are coal deposits estimated at 55,000,000 tons, representing considerably more than half of the entire coal resources of Germany. To these is to be added the best system of internal communications—the thickest network of railways, rivers and canals—in Europe; Duisburg is the continent's largest and most important inland harbour, the world's largest river port; it is the chief link between northern Germany and the Baltic on the one side and southern Germany and the Danube valley on the other. To its docks come barges of a thousand tons and ocean-going vessels of 1,500 tons. Here, then, we have two of the prime essentials of modern heavy industry, coal and transport; the third, iron ore, has to be brought from a distance, though, thanks to the communications just mentioned, this is no expensive or difficult matter. Much of the ore comes from Sweden, while the balance is brought from French Lorraine.

HERE we touch on a most interesting chapter in the history of capitalistic development. For a hundred years and more the iron ore of Lorraine and the coke of the Ruhr have been joined in the most fertile union; the only drawback is that between the two areas is drawn a frontier.

Economics has a way of getting round political barriers, however, and up to the war of 1914 most of the iron ore derived from the French mines in Lorraine was sent to the Ruhr. After 1918 that part of Lorraine which had been annexed by Bismarck in 1871 was returned to France, with the result that her resources of iron ore were vastly increased. But she was still as dependent as ever on the Ruhr's fuel, and special clauses were inserted in the Treaty of Versailles guaranteeing to France a regular supply at fixed prices of Ruhr coal and coke. The German iron and steel masters in Lorraine were expropriated, but with the compensation which they received from the German Government they erected new iron and steel works on the Ruhr, which they endeavoured so far as possible to keep supplied with ore from Sweden and Spain. The Lorraine steel barons were in no too happy a position, and their position became worse still when the Germans fell into arrears with the deliveries of Ruhr coke and coal.

At length, after many protests from France and Britain, French and Belgians marched into the Ruhr in 1923, and the district was not evacuated until the middle of 1925, when the mark had collapsed into utter nothingness, and Germany's economic and social system had been so disrupted that men listened with increasing eagerness to the wild denunciations and wilder promises of Hitler and his Nazis. Following the virtual collapse of Germany, the French, Belgian and German steel industries were joined in an international syndicate—a syndicate which, so far as is known, has continued to this day. Hitler's panzers, indeed, very effectively rubbed out the frontier lines in the summer of 1940.

To return to the Ruhr. Coal, transport and iron ore together have given birth to a vast concentration of coal mines, metal foundries, coke ovens, rolling mills, machine shops, railway engineering works, chemical and textile factories—altogether one of the world's greatest conglomerations of economic power. In this, Germany's black country, even the black-out imposed by war is pierced by the fires flaming through the night. For miles the cities and towns are continuous. From Duisburg to Dortmund, a distance of some 35 miles, one town merges into the next: it is one long street all the way.

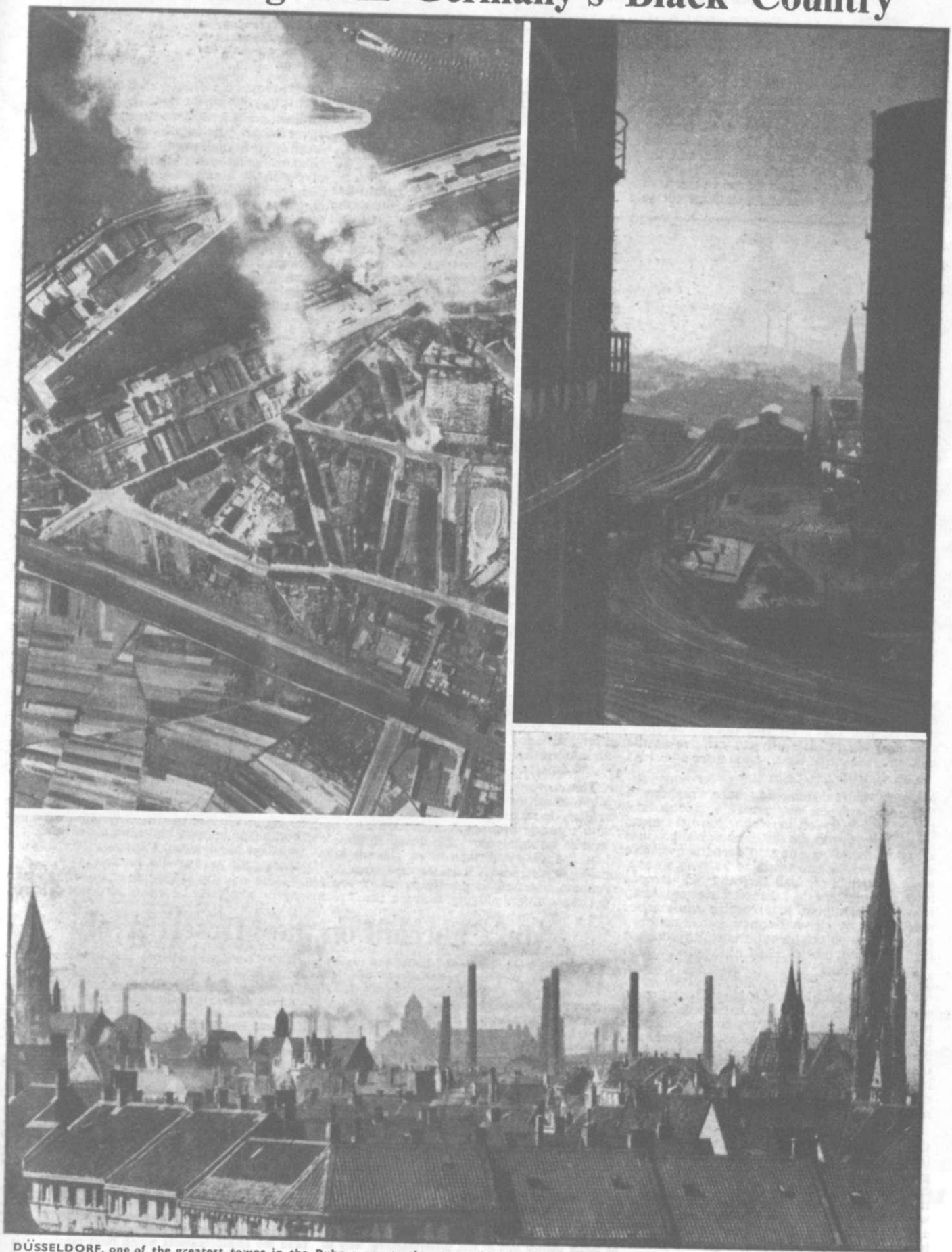
Situated a little to the north of the Ruhr, about half-way between the river and the Rhine-Herne Canal, Essen (as the whole world knows) is the chief seat of the Krupps armament firm—that great concern devoted to the making of death-dealing instruments which was founded in 1810 or thereabouts by Friedrich Krupp, was guided to greatness by Alfred, the "Cannon King," and whose destinies are now guided by Bertha Krupp's husband, Dr. Gustav Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach. In 1918 the Krupp works were employing 167,000 workers; ten years later the number had dropped to a mere 65,000, but by the summer of 1939 there were over 100,000 employees of the giant firm.

A glance at a plan of Essen shows that the Krupp "colonies" occupy most of the town; they are described as separate villages with schools and libraries, recreation grounds, clubs, stores and shops—altogether a modern settlement built on much the same lines as Andrew Undershaft's, described so brilliantly by G.B.S. in Major Barbara.

DÜSSELDORF, with a population of over half a million, is the commercial and manufacturing centre of the Ruhr region; it is chock-a-block with metallurgical, engineering, machine-tool, glass and chemical works, paper, furniture, and enamel factories, textile mills, and breweries. Duisburg we have already mentioned; it includes Ruhrort, where the Ruhr runs into the Rhine, and Hamborn (pop. 530,000). Dortmund (pop. about the same as Düsseldorf) stands in the middle of the Westphalian coalfield; there are beds of iron ore in the neighbourhood, too, so that to some extent the town rivals Essen in the production of iron goods. Mülheim (pop. 136,000) is another manufacturing centre. Other Ruhr towns include Gelsenkirchen, Bochum, Oberhausen, Krefeld and Hagen. Then the interstices of this network of cities are filled with smaller towns and villages, where the serfs of Hitler's Reich sleep off the fatigue engendered by their long hours of toil.

GERMANY'S VITAL TARGET, the highly industrialized Ruhr, has had to undergo innumerable R.A.F. raids, aimed at slowing up the enemy war machine. As will be seen, the area is a vast network of towns and communications.

Vital Targets in Germany's Black Country



DÜSSELDORF, one of the greatest towns in the Ruhr concentration, was raided again by Bomber Command on the night of Sept. 10, and a mighty weight of H.E. and 100,000 incendiaries converted the city into a furnace. "The enemy's attack was fierce, and the test which the people had to suffer was hard," said a German war reporter in a broadcast; "stout hearts and determined courage were needed." Top left, Düsseldorf the morning after the previous raid of July 31: top right, Dortmund Union Steelworks; bottom, Krupp works at Essen. *British Official; Dorien Leigh, E.N.A.*

To Battle in the Morning in Egypt

Very difficult it is for those who have no personal acquaintance with the Western Desert to visualize that grim waste where Montgomery's men and Rommel's strive so desperately for the mastery. Here, however, is a pen-picture which may serve to bring home, at least in some measure, the actual conditions of the desert war. It comes from Sergeant J. Lomas.

COULD *anybody* describe it? The din, rattle, clang, and crash of it. I've often thought they must be hearing us over in Manchester. The heat of the engine bakes your head and arms, and the rest of you goes blue with cold. Of course, you mustn't use lights, so you're in the pitch dark all the time, and it's very hard to see what's going on. Ahead of you is the back of the leading tank, behind is the nose of another, and that's all you can see in the darkness except dust, and there's always bags of that.

LATEST TYPE OF GERMAN TANK put out of action during the fierce fighting in the Western Desert. Rommel was reported to have lost 100 tanks in his attempts to break through our positions in Egypt, and his losses in men were correspondingly heavy.
Photo, British Official; Crown Copyright

You halt dozens of times, perhaps a hundred of you altogether in a long line, then you carry on very slowly, in the same positions you'll be in when you go into battle in the morning. Of course, we like a smoke now and again to keep us awake, so we light a fag and keep it burning so as to save matches. Like a little red lamp in the dark, that is. Keeping the engines revving very slowly, so as not to make too much noise and give the show away, we get off the road, on the tricky little path through the minefields.

EACH tank commander climbs out on the front, keeping in close touch with the tank ahead because it's so easy to lose him. A man can walk over a mine easily enough, but a tank or lorry'll send them up in a proper earthquake. When we get through, then we switch off engines and fill up; but in the pitch dark. When all tanks switch off, it's quieter than a churchyard. Nothing moves in the desert, specially at night.

Then our troop officer comes over, running through the final details, and the word comes to mount and start up. So we whip off the gun coverings, check the breech actions, load both guns, and off we go. As soon as the tanks cross a narrow bridge over a trench we know we're headed straight for Jerry, and the sentry gives us a thumbs up for luck. Generally, we haven't got very far before shells start bursting all around us. We're inside our own barrage, that's why, so we turn round and circle about, till we're behind it. Then we look through the periscope to try to see a bit of Jerry, or spot the flash of his guns. The barrage lifts, and we might see streams of tracer bullets ahead.

"Driver, swing left. Gunner, traverse right. Fire when on," yells our commander.

According to plan we swing left, into line ahead, and smash the enemy posts with all we've got. Heavy machine-guns and 2-pounders criss-cross with enemy fire, and all of a sudden there's a terrific shock, and sparks shower across my periscope. We've been hit, but there's no damage. Twenty yards away, our sister tank disappears with a bang which even shakes us. She's struck a mine, and when the dust settles, you can see she's heeled over, minus yards of track, with her gun pointing at the sky, out of it.

Slap in the middle of us is an armoured car of the King's Dragoon Guards, swapping machine-gun fire for everything Jerry's got. At such close range they must have had all the luck in the world. One hit even from light anti-tank stuff would smash right through it. There are carriers of the King's Own, too, small and nippy, right in the thick of it. The infantry, the long-suffering P.B.I., are there—as usual—and doing a marvellous job, and all.

The enemy's fire packs up, so you know job number one's been done. The enemy artillery barrage starts next, and you wonder who's going to cop it. You soon find out. You're outside your tank doing repairs, so you fall flat, and then start playing kids' games again, like "Last across the road," running like hell to get inside when you've got the chance, judging between the scream and a short howl from a shell whether you've got it in your lap or not.

Shell fire is a terror in the open. Protected by armour, you're all right except from a direct hit; and even that doesn't always mean a great deal. But when it comes to lying on the floor under a continuous barrage of big stuff, it's not so funny. The shells seem to be barely missing you. Inside the tank you feel all right, even though the light from the periscope gets blotted out now and again by heaps of earth, till you might as well be in darkness. Then your spine starts curling up at every whine coming nearer and nearer, till you're all goose-flesh. I've actually seen a shadow of a falling shell in the sand before it hit, about the last six feet of its journey before it exploded.

YOU can't do much in a barrage except sit tight where you are. And that's not much use, because it might last three or four hours. If nothing's happened, you sigh with relief, and hope it broke Jerry's bloody heart to see you still there in spite of all his backache. When we start attacking, our 25-pdrs. open on a line jn front of us. We form up watching the accurate shooting of the good old gunners, and cheering them on. They do a grand job, those gunners. Then it's our turn, and we advance toward our biggest headache of the day. We go on to the limit laid down, and once we get there, we just bang away as hard as we can go.

"Gun stopped!" yells our gunner; 'the damn thing's jammed."

I'd give anything for another pair of hands. The driver keeps on the move; I squirt a jet from a Pyrene extinguisher over the breech; and our 2-pounder bangs away, so nobody's wasting any time. The infantry's almost on top of us. There's no time for repairs on our sort of job.

Then, just to crown the lot, we see the maddest of all sights: A bayonet charge by a crack lot of County lads coming up behind us. Nothing can help them as they go into the smoke over the enemy posts flat out, like hundred-yard sprinters, looking like murder. And so they are.

Jerry hasn't got time to do anything between the end of the shelling and the lads coming at him, so he uses a bit of sense and puts his hands up. The sun shines down as though we were at Old Trafford.

That's Job number 2 done, and that's more or less what it's like in action. More or less . . .

Mr. Churchill on the 'Desert Army'

BEFORE I left [London] I had some reason to believe that the condition of the Desert Army and of the troops in Egypt was not entirely satisfactory.

✱ The Eighth Army, or the Desert Army, as I like to call it, had lost over 80,000 men. It had been driven back about 400 miles since May with immense losses in munitions, supplies, and transport. General Rommel's surprisingly rapid advance was only rendered possible because he used our captured stores and vehicles. In the battles around Gazala and in the stress of the retreat, and in the fighting at El Alamein, where General Auchinleck succeeded in stabilizing the front, the structure of the Army had become much deranged. Divisional formations had been largely broken up, and a number of battle groups or other improvized formations had sprung into being piecemeal in the course of the hard fighting.

✱ Nevertheless, as I can myself testify, there was a universal conviction in officers and men of every rank that they could beat the Germans man to man and face to face. But this was coupled with a sense of being baffled and of not understanding why so many misfortunes had fallen upon the Army. The spirit of the troops was admirable, but it was clear to me that drastic changes were required in the High Command and that the Army must have a new start and a new leader.

✱ I therefore, after many heart searchings, submitted proposals to the War Cabinet for changing and remodelling the High Command . . . I am satisfied that the combination of Gen. Alexander and Gen. Montgomery, with Gen. McCreery, a tank expert, is a team well adapted to our needs and the finest at our disposal at the present time.

✱ As far back as March last I asked President Roosevelt to lend me the shipping to transport an additional 40,000 or 50,000 men to the Middle East . . . The President placed at our disposal a number of American ships and at the critical moment we had rounding the Cape very large and well-equipped forces that could be directed to Egypt. It is to this that the improvement in our affairs or the maintenance of our affairs in that region can largely be attributed. . . .

✱ In spite of the heavy losses, the Army of the Western Desert is now stronger, actually and relatively, than it has ever been. So large have been the reinforcements which have reached this Army that what is to a large extent a new Army has been created while the fighting has been in progress.—*House of Commons, Sept. 8, 1942*

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

They Guard the Gate to Egypt

Between Marshal Rommel and the rich prize of Alexandria stands the 8th Army, commanded by Lt.-Gen. B. L. Montgomery—seen above (2) with Lt.-Gen. Horrocks on his right; while in supreme command of the Middle Eastern theatre of war is Gen. Sir H. Alexander (1). Our third photograph shows the crew of a Bofors gun in action at El Hemeimat.

In the Front Line of Africa's Defence

On the Egyptian battlefront in early September, Rommel's columns moved out to attack the 8th Army, only to be repulsed with considerable loss. These photographs show (1) U.S. tank commander observing from his turret; (2) South African with an armful of portable land-mines; (3) bomb about to be loaded into a Boston; (4) mobile telephone exchange.

Photos, Brit Official: Crown Copyright

Guns that Bark for Britain

When the Afrika Korps advanced it was severely handled by the British artillery. Here are three types of guns being used to good effect against the enemy: (5) a 4·5 long-range gun of a R.A. Medium Regiment; (6) six-pounder anti-tank gun, used not only as a field-gun but also in increasing numbers on our heavy tanks; (7) a 25-pounder goes into action.

Photos, British Official; Fox

Quenching Their Desert Thirst

Fighting is dusty work in the Middle East, and the thirty N.A.A.F.I. canteens which patro the forward areas in Egypt are very welcome to our forces. As well as tea they bring chocolate, cigarettes, newspapers and radio bulletins. Here also is a bar, " Ye Olde M.E.110 " —made from its bullet-riddled tail—used by men of a Kittyhawk Squadron.

VIEWS & REVIEWS Of Vital War Books

Retreat in the East: A Correspondent's Picture

Eight months have passed since the news arrived of Singapore's fall—news that came with stunning force, so unexpected was the tragic blow and so terrific in its implications. The full story cannot yet be told, but Mr. O'Dowd Gallagher's Retreat in the East (Harrap, 8s. 6d.), reviewed here by Hamilton Fyfe, the veteran war correspondent, contains much that is of intensely vital interest.

MR. O'DOWD GALLAGHER, famous war correspondent, whose exciting adventures in the Far East are referred to in this page. He is at present serving with the Royal Armoured Corps.

Photo by courtesy of The Daily Express

NEVER in any war before this have newspaper men taken exactly the same risks as the fighting men. In some wars they have taken greater risks. When I was free-lancing in France during the early autumn of 1914, both Kitchener and the Germans said I should be shot if caught! One of the first and most famous of war correspondents, Archibald Forbes, went into action unarmed and liable to be treated as a spy if he were captured. But in this war reporters have been taken up in bombing planes, have gone with mechanized units into battle, have been in the thick of naval engagements. When Prince of Wales and Repulse went down, a Daily Express man, O. D. Gallagher, was in the latter. He just managed to escape with his life, after swimming for what seemed an eternity in the black-oil-covered sea.

His account of the fight in which battleship and cruiser were bombed and torpedoed for lack of aeroplane protection fills some of the most vivid pages in his exciting and grimly instructive book, Retreat in the East. The tense atmosphere on board before attack began, with loudspeakers sounding through the ship at frequent intervals to give news of enemy movements; the crash and roar of the bombs and bombers for just over an hour; then the order "Abandon ship!" and the plunge into warm, filthy water—the whole picture is clear and colourful. It thrills and saddens; it makes one alternately furious and proud.

Furious that these gallant ships should have been thrown away—for that is what it amounts to. Without aircraft protection they were helpless against the perfectly planned Japanese onslaught. To underrate this enemy's flying, or talk loosely about "suicide squads," is, Mr. Gallagher makes clear, foolish. They are not even reckless. They are like machinery. They know exactly what to do and they do it. They are more formidable than the Luftwaffe. Neither we nor the Americans knew how dangerous they were.

FOR some reason the hurling of Japan into the war found us unprepared in almost every way. Was this the fault of our diplomacy in Tokyo, or of Military Intelligence, or of the Government in London? Mr. Gallagher knows nothing about that, does not discuss it. But it will have to be discussed, and the blame apportioned, and punishment meted out. In Burma the local authorities "collapsed, could not stand the strain." The Governor loudly proclaimed Rangoon a second Tobruk (that was before its fall, of course) or Moscow. But nothing was done to stiffen the population, or get the ships with war material unloaded quickly, or cut through the ropes of officialism. The morale of civilians was "as flat as a punctured tire." They went on as usual, having parties, chattering secrets, voicing their lack of faith in the possibility of keeping the Japanese out. They knew Burma's weakness.

But if Burma was bad, Singapore was worse. The businessmen slacked and drank and lunched and dined out and slept after their heavy meals, according to custom. While they over-ate, airmen at the outpost of Khota Baru (much in the news at one period) were making meals off a couple of boiled potatoes with a thin layer of watery stew, bread and jam, and tea. Food could have been sent to them by the businessmen—but it wasn't. They howled when they were asked to raise more than a paltry sum by income tax, but they didn't worry about hardships suffered by the young men they relied on to save them from losing their incomes altogether.

Perhaps they might have behaved a little less stupidly and callously if the officials had not handed them out such reassuring dope. The Governor allowed the city to be caught with all its lights on for the first Japanese raid. Air-Marshal Brooke-Popham cheerily told newspaper men five days before the Japs started that "there were no signs that Japan was going to attack anyone," and that the aircraft he had "were quite good enough"—whereas in fact they were inferior machines, and shortly afterwards "many fine courageous pilots were lost in them."

AT that time there was not a tank in Malaya. According to the official view the enemy would not be able to use theirs, so what did we want any for? Mr. Gallagher quotes Anthony Eden's comforting words: "Singapore has not been neglected," and adds the scorching comment: "I am bound to suggest that Mr. Eden was misinformed."

Take one illustration of neglect. Everyone must remember the Causeway connecting Singapore with the mainland, and how it was "destroyed" to delay the Japanese advance. The island's chief water supply was piped across it. So, when it was cut, the water was stopped. But the Causeway was not effectively blown up. Only one end, the farther end, was damaged, and the Jap engineers repaired it in three hours. So the "impregnable fortress" of Parliamentary fairy-tales was lost, and with it a larger number of British troops than ever surrendered in our history before, including a fresh division that arrived just before the end.

Wavell, says Mr. Gallagher, did all he could to get the transports carrying that division diverted to Burma, where they might have turned the scale. But no, they were landed at Singapore, sent straight into battle, and either killed or taken prisoner.

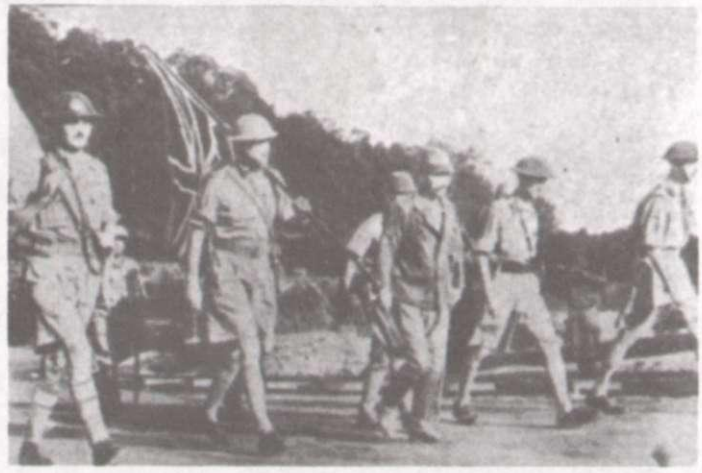
The whole story told in the book is one of blundering by the high-ups and magnificent courage in the rank-and-file. "Wherever I have seen fighting soldiers," the author testified, "heard their tales, known their losses, seen the results of their victories, I have found few that can stand up to the small-built fighting men from the British Isles. They are seldom commended, frequently disparaged, but they fight and suffer and die as few other men do."

That is considered praise from one who is well qualified to speak. Of the last five Christmas days he has spent four on active service—in Addis Ababa, Shanghai, Madrid, and on the French front at Arras (1939). He puts the Indians and Gurkhas also high on the roll of honour. A London-born soldier said to him: "Give me an Indian on my left and a Gurkha on my right and the three of us will fight our way to hell and back—if we've got enough ammunition." In those last half-dozen words lay tragic memories.

ANOTHER lot to win Mr. Gallagher's warm admiration were the airmen of the American Voluntary Group recruited for service with the Chinese and then transferred to Burma. A major-general on the spot "gave Burma three weeks" when the battle for the country began. "That it took six weeks for the Japanese to get to Rangoon was in part due to the magnificent fighting of the A.V.G." They "ran themselves in an honestly democratic way." This, Mr. Gallagher thinks, had a lot to do with their dash and competence.

It is a sorry tale, this of our Retreat in the East, a tale of muddle and miscalculation, silly optimism, lack of foresight. It could have been avoided, Mr. Gallagher suggests, though he does not actually say so—being a reporter, not a historian. It ought to have been avoided. We ought to know who were to blame, and they should be made to expiate their faults.

HAMILTON FYFE



SURRENDER OF SINGAPORE. This photograph from a Japanese source purports to show British officers on their way to negotiate with Lt.-Gen. Yamashita the terms of the city's surrender on Feb. 15, 1942. Lt.-Gen. A. E. Percival, G.O.C. Malaya, is on the extreme right of the picture. A Japanese officer walks in the centre of the group. **(See Vol. 5, page 514).**

Photo, Associated Press

HOW THE RUSSIANS ATTACK: a Soviet photograph showing Red Army tanks and infantry going into action in the central sector of the Eastern Front. All through the summer fighting of the fiercest description has continued on the Russian plains. The losses have been terrific on both sides. Thus, between May 15 and August 15, says the Soviet Information Bureau, the Germans lost 1,250,000 officers and men, of whom 480,000 were killed. During the same period the Russians lost 606,000 men in killed, wounded and missing. The German losses in tanks were 3,390, in guns 4,000, and aircraft 4,000. Corresponding Russian figures are given as 2,240 tanks, 3,162 guns, and 2,198 aircraft.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

UNDER THE SWASTIKA

Europe's Youth Refuses to Be Hitler's Slaves

As PAUL TABORI writes in the article that follows, the young men and women of European countries overrun and held in subjection by the Nazi hordes are having a very raw deal. Yet, in spite of all, they hope and fight for the coming of a better day.

EVER since the First World War youth had had a very raw deal of life in Europe. Unemployment, the overcrowding of the professional classes, the springing up of totalitarian regimes, hit young people the hardest, turned them into rebels, or drew them into the regimented ranks of Fascist organizations. But these sufferings and vicissitudes were nothing compared with the abject slavery, the cruel decimation, which youth is enduring today under the swastika. News from all over Europe shows how young men and women, even the very children, are defying the Nazi blight or writhing under it. And it is perhaps this European youth which will form the vanguard of the great, super-national revolution against Hitler and his creed.

Youth is increasingly becoming cannon-fodder in Germany's Eastern campaign. When the Völkischer Beobachter printed the obituary notice of Otto von Keudell, *Fahnenjunker-Gefreiter*, who died for the Vaterland "shortly after his 17th birthday," it was only one of hundreds of similar cases. Germany has called up her sixteen-year-old boys and trained them hastily, and thousands of them have already suffered death or serious wounds in Russia. Mortgaging heavily her future, the Third Reich is killing off her young people faster than her declining birthrate can replace them.

You may remember the tragic fate of the Prague students who were rounded up a few months ago, taken to the big Stadium of the city, kept standing at attention for sixteen hours, and then some of them killed by machine-gun bullets and the rest sent to concentration camps and forced labour.

Czech youth continues the resistance, and is often driven to desperate measures to obtain the bare necessities of life. The Svenska Dagbladet reports that a few days ago four young Czechs—three boys and a girl—were sentenced to death by the Special Court in the Protectorate as *Volksschädlinge* (*i.e.* persons harmful to the community), guilty of "black slaughtering" and concealment of large quantities of crops. The truth behind this accusation was that the four young members of the same family killed a small pig because their mother was very ill and had to have fresh meat; they also "concealed" seventy pounds of potatoes to have some provisions for the winter. This is justice as it is meted out in the former hunting-ground of the late unlamented Reinhard Heydrich.

IN the puppet state of Hungary youth has been completely transformed to serve the totalitarian purposes of besotted Horthy and double-crossing Premier Kallay. Some 125,000 girls have been organized in the female branch of the "Levente" movement, a counterpart of the Hitler Youth. The Minister of Education had to resign because he resisted the introduction of text-books in the Nazi spirit—though the Minister, V. Homan, was of German origin. Even the Hungarian Scouts, who have taken third place after Britain and America at the world jamboree competitions in Copenhagen, have been changed into a semi-military organization, and Count Khuen Héderváry, the former Chief Scout, has had to make way for Major Farkas, a pro-Nazi army officer.

Education is almost at a complete standstill in Norway, where the clergy and the teachers have made such a courageous stand against the obnoxious Quisling. The Rudkan Dagblad reports that a schoolboy has been refused admittance to a secondary school because while at his elementary school he "behaved rudely to children of N.S. members"—the N.S. being Quisling's most unpopular party, Nasjonal Samling. Apparently children of elementary school age can also commit "political crimes" in Nazi-ridden Norway. At the same time it is still undecided whether schools in most parts of the country will restart after the summer holidays, and though Oslo University opened for a new session on September 1, no new students were enrolled.

EUROPEAN YOUTH in the Nazi-occupied countries is being inoculated with the pernicious doctrines of the enemy. On a visit to Graz, in the formerly Austrian province of Styria, Hitler reviews boys who have been enlisted in a Nazi-controlled youth formation. *Photo, Keystone*

IN Denmark, according to the Fyns Tidende, the students held a great summer meeting at which the speakers emphasized that their present aim is "to preserve to the utmost possible extent Denmark's liberty and independence and to strive to regain absolute freedom. It is therefore occasionally necessary to make concessions which perhaps become humiliating to a free people; but, honestly, we are not at present a free and independent people." Germany, being in desperate need of Denmark's agricultural products, permits a little more latitude and freedom of expression to the Danes than to her other vassals; but two of the students taking part in this meeting have already been arrested and the others placed under police surveillance. Young Danish cyclists have refused to take part in a "non-political" sports rally at Milan. But twenty Danish "Labour Service" girls have been forced to go to Germany and attend a "leader course."

In Holland the latest, rather comic, effort of the local Nazis to entice youth into their ranks is taking the form of a "poetry competition" in which youths and girls between 14 and 25 have been invited to take part; elocution competitions are also announced. But, according to the National Dagblad, which interviewed Adriaan van Hees, organizer of the contest, the response has been "most disappointing." Either young Dutchmen are not of a poetical turn, or they refuse to turn out poetry at Nazi bidding.

The clandestine Belgian paper Le Peuple carries in its latest issue a tragic appeal to Belgian farmers to help save the country's youth. "Children," the paper writes, "cannot be saved by a few francs; it must be done by bread, milk, meat and eggs. The children of respectable workers are fading away under the eyes of their parents . . . For two years now our young people who have left school cannot find a place in industry, in handicrafts, or in commerce. This must mean a very fair number of young unemployed, an easy prey for recruiters of labour for German industry or the notorious 'Walloon Guard.' Is anything whatsoever being done for these young people?" Le Nouveau Journal has published an appeal to farmers, asking them to put up during the holidays students whose health is poor. "Our precious youth is wasting away, we must share all we have got to save it." But Belgian farmers, constantly plundered by the Germans, have little left to help the young people of the cities.

From France comes the tragic tale of little Marcel K., son of a *rentier*, whose father had never meddled in politics and continued to live in his pleasant villa even after the German occupation. Marcel was the apple of his eye, a sturdy boy of ten. One day (so the story runs) Marcel was playing with two little girls at a level-crossing near his home. The crossing was guarded by German soldiers; one of them chased the children away and hit one of the little girls a brutal blow. Little Marcel chivalrously stood up for her and shouted some insulting words which he hardly understood himself. The Germans stood him up against a tree and shot him—then carried his little body to his father's villa and dumped it at the gate. Monsieur K. almost lost his mind in his grief; he tried everything to get "justice" from the local German authorities. Yet the same German soldiers guard the crossing.

IN Yugoslavia youth is taking an especially active part in resisting the invader and the various quisling bodies. Pavelitch, the *Poglavnik* (Fuehrer) of Croatia, was forced, according to the Nova Hrvatska, to draft all students enrolled at Zagreb University and at the economic and commercial high schools, into compulsory labour service, because "this appears to be the most suitable method of constant supervision." Even so, hundreds of students are escaping from the comparatively small area ruled by Pavelitch's *Ustacha* thugs and are joining the Slovenian guerillas.

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

As I write these lines news comes of a fresh piece of audacity by a U-boat in the Caribbean Sea. For 25 minutes a German submarine lay in Carlisle Bay, Barbados, and discharged at least five torpedoes into the port of Bridgetown, the island's capital. So far as can be gathered no damage of importance was inflicted. Shore batteries opened on the intruder.

It is not many months since a U-boat—possibly the same one—torpedoed a merchant vessel lying in the port of Limon, Costa Rica. The present attack may have been inspired by the recollection that during the last war the captain of the German cruiser Karlsruhe planned to raid Barbados. It was on Nov. 4, 1914 that the Karlsruhe, when within 300 miles of the island, was destroyed by the sudden explosion of her forward magazine. This catastrophe not only saved Barbados from being shelled, but ended the career of a surface raider which, in the space of three months, sank a greater quantity of Allied tonnage than any other vessel except the notorious Emden. Whether the idea came from that source or not, it seems probable that in the present instance the U-boat captain was also influenced by the smaller number of targets available owing to the extension of the convoy system to the Caribbean.

This attack on Barbados is likely to raise afresh the question of exercising stricter control over the French West Indies. It was on Feb. 21 that a German submarine put into Fort de France, Martinique, landed a wounded officer, and after obtaining supplies proceeded to sea again to resume her attacks on commerce. As a result the United States informed the Vichy Government that the use of French ports in the western hemisphere as bases for Axis ships or aircraft could not be permitted, and after some demur extracted an undertaking that there should be no repetition of this incident. In view of recent experience in Madagascar, it seems possible that U-boats may still be receiving information of ships' movements, etc., from French sources in the West Indies.

Clashes between light craft in the English Channel and the North Sea continue to be frequent. One such occurred in the early hours of Sept. 8, when two patrols of our coastal craft under Lieut. J. A. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N., and Lieut. A. R. H. Nye, R.N.V.R., intercepted an enemy supply ship bound for Cherbourg, under escort of armed trawlers and R-boats (motor minesweepers). A brisk action ensued at close range, and in spite of fire being opened on our forces by shore batteries, many hits were made on the enemy vessels. At least one torpedo struck the supply ship, the fate of which appears to be uncertain. Only one of our motor gunboats suffered slight damage, and there were no casualties.

In the Straits of Dover patrols under Lieut. M. Arnold-Forster, R.N.V.R., and Lieut. C. H. W. Andrew, R.N.V.R., intercepted another escorted supply ship. In the action which followed frequent hits were scored on two of the enemy escort craft, the guns of one being silenced. Two slight casualties and some minor superficial damage to one of our boats were all we suffered.

Clashes in the North Sea

Three days later there was a further series of actions off the Dutch coast. To start with, one of our offensive patrols under Lieut. P. G. C. Dickens, R.N. (son of Admiral Sir Gerald Dickens, a grandson of the novelist), intercepted and attacked a German convoy off the Texel. An enemy tanker, of medium size, was seen to disintegrate after being hit by a torpedo. A large "flak" (anti-aircraft) ship, forming part of the escort, is also believed to have been struck by a torpedo. A brisk action continued for some time after this, in the course of which an armed trawler and an R-boat were hit and very severely damaged.

Shortly afterwards a patrol of our light coastal craft, commanded by Lieut. J. B. R. Horne, R.N., intercepted a force of four enemy motor torpedo boats and severely handled one of them before they were able to escape. Later this patrol met two more German m.t.bs., and again one of the enemy vessels was severely damaged.

It would appear that these two enemy groups combined and were reinforced, for a group of about eight German coastal craft was intercepted and engaged a little later by a patrol under Lieut. E. M. Thorpe, R.N. At least three more of the enemy vessels received serious damage in the subsequent action. During this conflict one of our motor gunboats was set on fire badly. As there was no hope of being able to save her, Lieut. Thorpe ran his own motor gunboat alongside the burning vessel, took off survivors, and made certain that she would become a total loss and could not fall into the hands of the enemy. This last action, it should be noted, took place well after daybreak, within 25 miles of the Dutch coast.

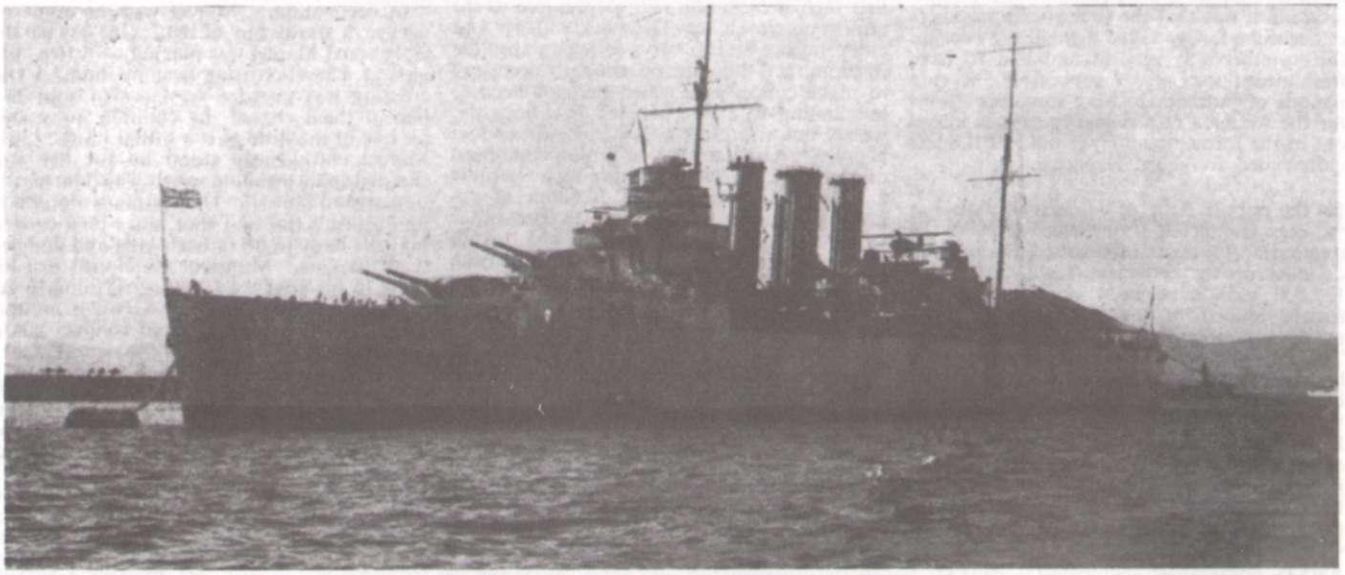
I have been asked to explain the differences between the various types of coastal craft which are used in these encounters. The biggest of the British vessels are the motor gunboats, fast craft with a strong armament of pom-poms and heavy machine-guns. Of similar type, though slightly smaller and faster, are the motor torpedo boats, in which torpedo tubes are the predominant item in the armament. Motor launches, though no smaller, are the slowest and least heavily-armed of the three types, being used chiefly for escorting coastal convoys.

Of enemy vessels of corresponding categories, the so-called E-boats are actually known to the Germans as S-boats (*Schnellboote*), and are mostly armed as motor torpedo boats. R-boats (*Räumboote*) are motor minesweepers, resembling our motor launches in their general characteristics. "Flak" ships—a word compounded of the German initials *F.L.A.K.*, equivalent to A.A.—are craft of the coaster or trawler type, mounting high-angle guns.

In the region of the Solomon Islands, for the past fortnight, enemy opposition has been carried on chiefly by aircraft and submarines, which have resisted the landing of supplies and reinforcements for the U.S. Marine forces in Guadalcanal and adjacent islands. In the course of these operations the U.S. destroyer Blue, of 1,500 tons, and a small and old transport, the Colhoun, were lost. A heavy toll of enemy planes was exacted, and loaded landing-barges attempting to disembark enemy troops on Guadalcanal were sunk with heavy loss of life.

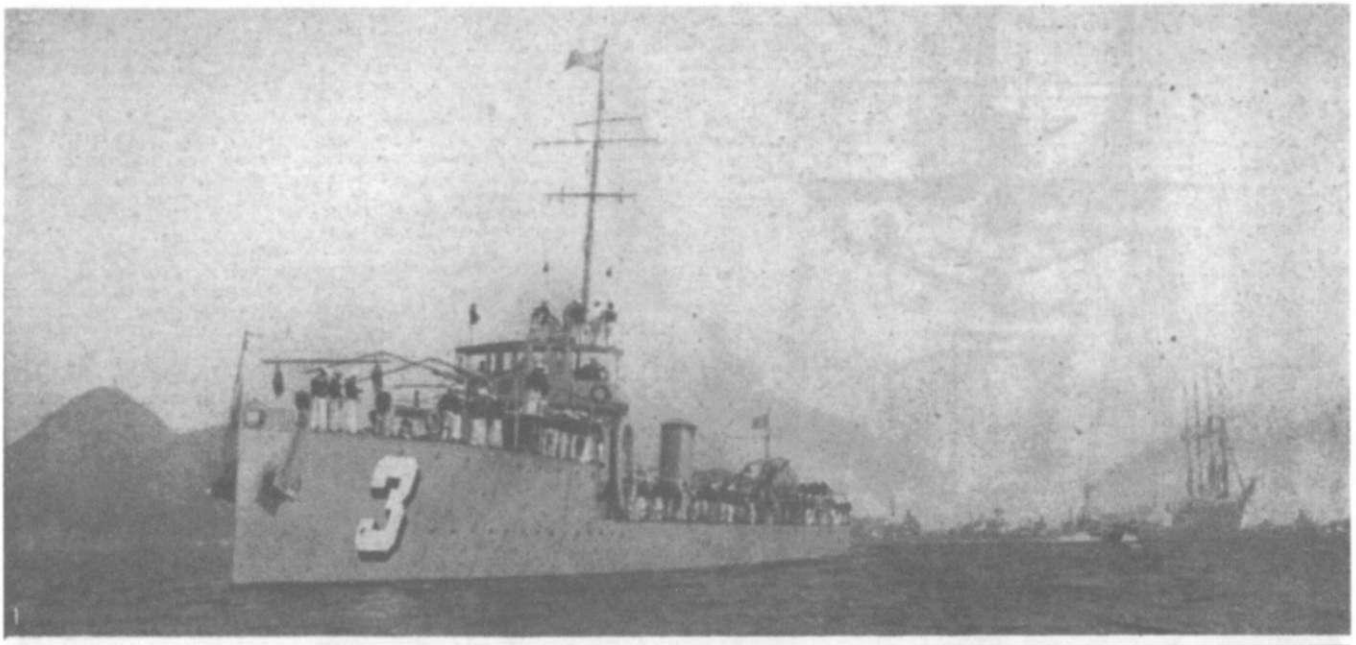
On Sept. 12 it was announced from Allied Headquarters in S.W. Pacific that a Japanese destroyer had been sunk off Normanby Island, in the Coral Sea, by Allied bombers.

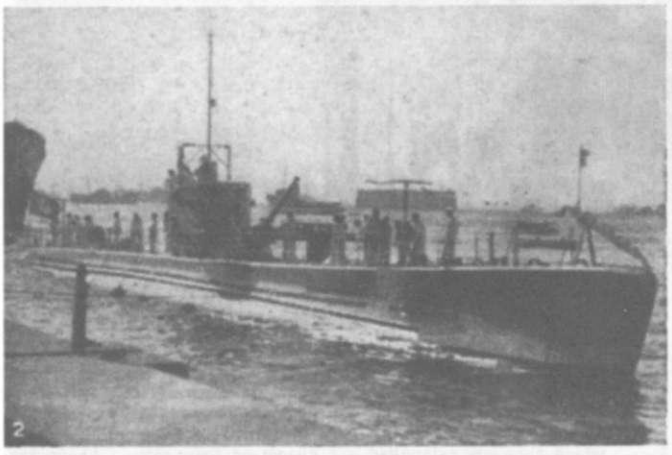
On Sept. 2 the U.S. Navy Department, Washington, announced that American submarines in Far Eastern waters had sunk a Japanese light cruiser, two small cargo vessels, one medium-sized tanker, and a small steamer. Two large tankers were damaged and a medium-sized cargo ship probably sunk

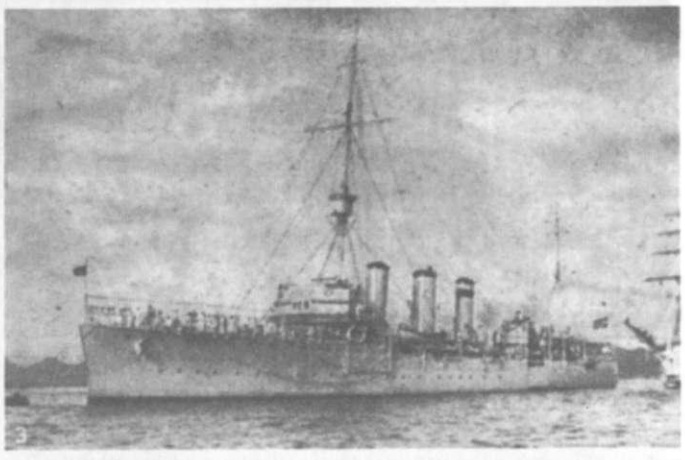


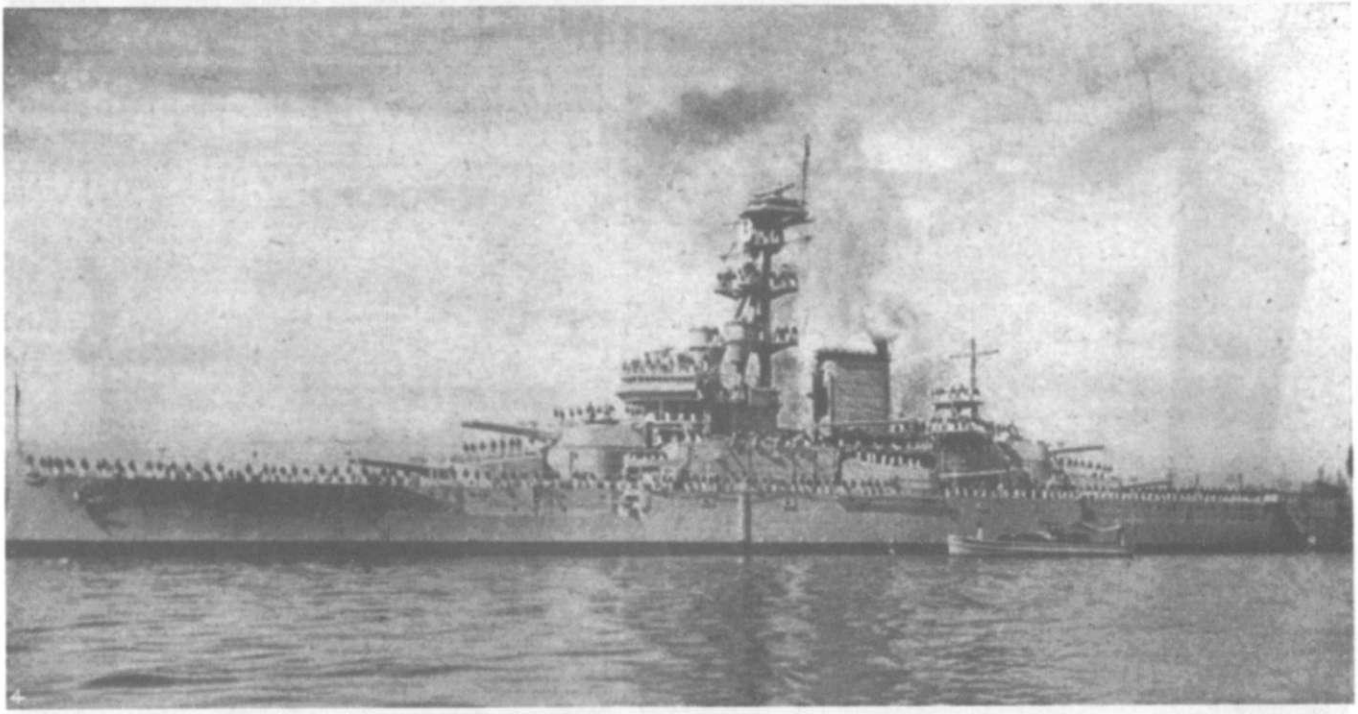
H.M.S. SHROPSHIRE, British cruiser of the London class, has been given to the Royal Australian Navy to make up for the loss of H.M.A.S. Canberra, sunk off the Solomon Islands by a Japanese attack on August 9. Most of the latter's complement of 816 were rescued, but many of these were wounded, and the commanding officer, Capt. F. E. Getting, was killed. The new H.M.A.S. Canberra, as the Shropshire has been rechristened, was completed in 1929, displaces 9,830 tons, and carries eight 8-in. and eight 4-in. guns. *Photo, Charles E. Brown*

Ships that Brazil Brings to the Allied Cause



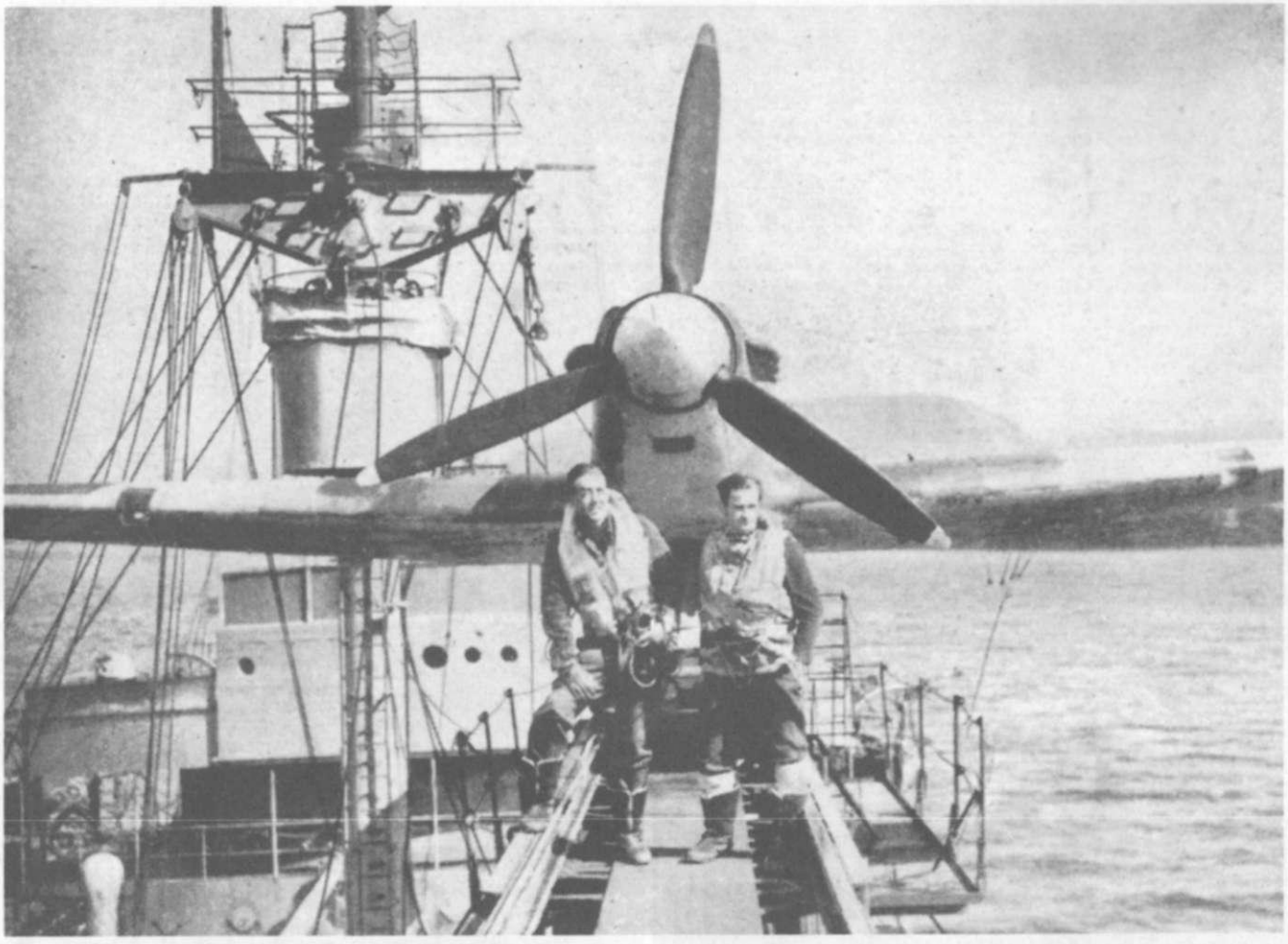






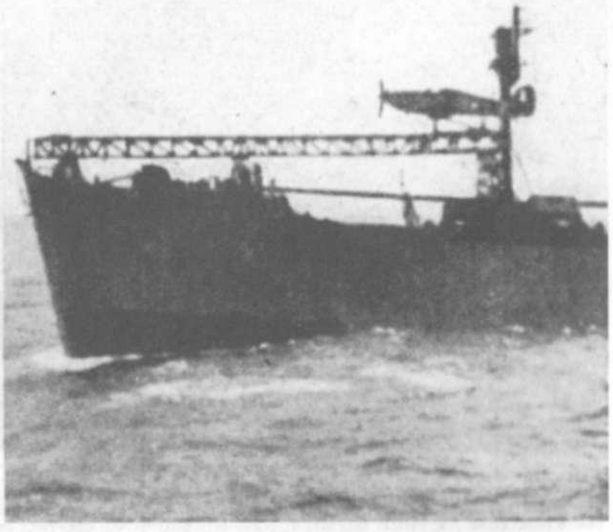
THE BRAZILIAN NAVY includes two battleships and two cruisers (all built before the last war but recently modernized), three new destroyers, one older one and six more building, and many smaller vessels. 1, Torpedo boat Piauhy, built in 1908; in the background is the training ship Almirante Saldanha. 2, One of the three modern submarines built in Italy for Brazil. 3, Cruiser Rio Grande do Sul; she displaces 3,150 tons and carries ten 4·7-in. guns. 4, Minas Gerais, a 19,200-ton battleship, carrying twelve 12-in. and fourteen 4·7-in. guns. *Photos, Pictorial Press, New York Times Photos*

Merchantmen Have Their Own Fighters Now



CATAFIGHTERS—that is, aircraft launched from merchant ships to combat enemy bombers attacking convoys—have been particularly successful on the Murmansk route. They belong to the Merchant Ship Fighter Unit, and the merchantmen from which they are catapulted are known as Cam ships. Above are Flt.-Lt. D. R. Turley-George (left) and his spare pilot F/O. C. Fenwick, with their Hurricane on S.S. Empire Tide, also shown below left. Below right, the Hurricane is about to be catapulted from its runway. After dealing with the raider the pilot bales out and trusts to being picked up by one of the escort ships. His machine is almost always lost ; occasionally it may be near enough to land to get back.

Photos, British Official ; Associated Press



The Admiral Signalled: 'Proud to Have Met You'

THOSE merchantmen going stolidly on and on—never faltering, never wavering when one of their comrades was lost—stolidly on and on; and although it seems invidious to draw attention to any one of so gallant a party, I simply must do so.

She had been uppermost in our thoughts from the moment we sailed, for she was a tanker carrying the most important and most dangerous cargo of all, and so very conspicuous from the air with her funnel right aft. Her name was Ohio, an American-built ship manned by a British crew, skippered by a very great man called Captain Mason. It was obvious that she would be a special target for the enemy, and sure enough she was hit by a torpedo at the same time as we were.

SHE was forced to stop, and later, as we went up alongside in the Ashanti, another merchantman was blazing not far off. It was that night when things weren't looking too good. Admiral Burrough hailed her from the bridge, "I've got to go on with the rest of the convoy. Make the shore route if you can and slip across to Malta. They need you badly." The reply was instantaneous. "Don't worry, sir; we'll do our best. Good luck."

By next morning, by some superhuman effort, they had got the engines going and had caught us up in spite of having lost their compass and having to steer from aft. She then took station on our quarter, and Ohio's next bit of trouble was when a Stuka attacking us was hit fair and square and crashed right into her.

For the rest of the forenoon she was always picked out for special attention, and time and time again she completely disappeared amongst the clouds of water from bursting bombs. But again and again she came through. Then at last one hit her. She was set on fire, but after a terrific fight they managed to get the flames under control. Her engines had been partly wrecked, but she just managed to make two knots and plodded on. Destroyers were left to look after her, but later she was hit again and her engines finally put out of action. Then they took her in tow, but the tow darted. During the night, with the help of a minesweeper from Malta, they got her a further twenty miles. All next day she was again bombed continuously, and towing became impossible. But that night she reached Malta.

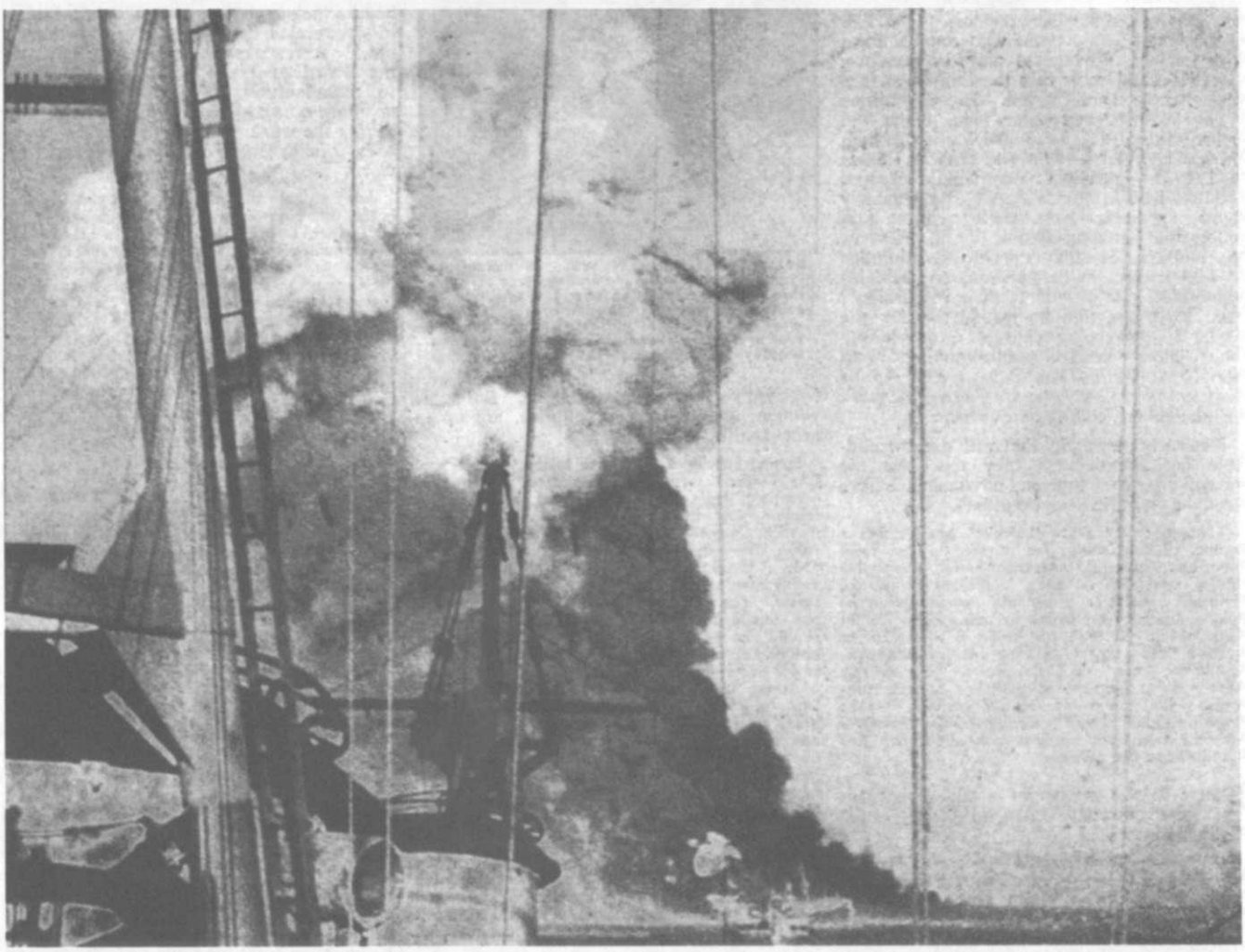
IF ever there was an example of dogged perseverance against all odds, this was it. Admiral Burrough's last signal to Ohio was short and to the point: "I'm proud to have met you."

All that mattered was that supplies had to be got through to Malta—and they were.

—Commander Anthony Kimmins, R.N., broadcasting as an eye witness an account of how the convoy got through to Malta during the fierce air and sea battle of August 12–14 *(see page 182).*

Despite the enemy's long-sustained onslaught, the valiant oil-tanker Ohio got her valuable cargo of oil through to Malta. This photograph, taken from the deck of one of the escorting warships, shows the Ohio at the moment when she was torpedoed by a lurking U-boat—the first of a long series of mishaps most bravely overcome.

Photo, Associated Press



GALLANT MASTER, GALLANT SHIP. Captain D. W. Mason (upper photo), Master of the S.S. Ohio, was awarded the George Cross on Sept. 4, 1942, for his part in the epic story of the Malta convoy. "Throughout he showed skill and courage of the highest order," ran the official announcement, "and it was due to his determination that, in spite of the most persistent enemy opposition, the vessel, with her valuable cargo, eventually reached Malta and was safely berthed." In the bottom photograph a huge smoke-column goes up from the 10,000-ton tanker as bombs from one of the attacking Stukas set her alight.

Photos, News Chronicle, British Newsreels

THE HOME FRONT

by E. Royston Pike

WHEN will women cease to be "news"? In the days when reading the newspapers was almost exclusively a masculine occupation it was understandable enough that columns should be filled with discussions and descriptions of the opposite and allegedly mysterious sex, while photographs of bathing belles, Gaiety girls, and Hollywood lovelies were always sure of selection by picture-editors with a keen eye for circulation. But even now, when lots of women read the papers, women are still news, just as they were in the days when for a woman to mount to the top of a bus was —well, something that was just "not done." And it must be admitted that women in wartime provide many an attractive and deeply interesting subject for a vivid pen. Here, for instance, is a White Paper, the Report of the Committee appointed by the Government six months ago to inquire into the amenities and welfare of the three Women's Services, which is both intensely readable and vastly informative a social document, indeed, of the first importance.

VIRTUE has no gossip value. That pithy if not very profound remark may be taken as the Report's keynote. It will be recalled that at the time of the Committee's appointment there were many and widespread rumours of "immorality" and "drunkenness" on the part of the women and girls in the auxiliary services, the A.T.S. in particular; and those who retailed them with half-disguised gusto may, or may not, be relieved to know that the indictment has been completely disproved. The Committee of five women and three men, under the chairmanship of Miss Violet Markham (Mrs. Carruthers)—who was sent to France in 1918 to investigate very similar charges brought against the W.A.A.C. on similarly slender grounds—have visited camps and billets and training-schools in all parts of the country, carefully considered hundreds of letters, and made personal contacts innumerable. And what is their conclusion? That "we can find no justification for the vague but sweeping charges of immorality which have disturbed public opinion," and that "the nation has every reason to be proud of the women who are sharing the work of the soldiers, sailors and airmen."

But it is noteworthy that with a commendable broadmindedness they recognize the vast changes that time and circumstance have brought about in social conduct.

Thus of recent years "alcohol has become a symbol of conviviality for women no less than men, and has set a standard of social intercourse among people of all ages. Repeated rounds of cocktails involve a substantial consumption of spirits, and they are drunk by many girls who at heart would prefer a soft drink but fear to be dubbed 'not a sport' if they ask for lemonade or ginger beer." All the same, "the British have such a deep-rooted prejudice against uniforms" that the woman in uniform who is seen drinking a glass of beer in a public-house "becomes an easy target for careless talk about the low standards of the Services."

THEN in the matter of sexual behaviour standards have changed greatly in the last generation.

"The use of contraceptives has spread through all classes of society . . . The reticences and inhibitions of the Victorian period have been swept away to be replaced by frank and open discussion," although "there is a certain bravado in much talk that takes place between young people about sex questions, and theories are often paraded in conversation which are never put into practice. Shock tactics used against the shibboleths and conventions of their elders may prove good fun for the younger generation, but it is not surprising if the latter sometimes find themselves taken at their word." Statistics in so intimate a matter cannot prove very much either way, but the Committee puts on record the fact that whereas the illegitimate birth-rate among civilians in the age groups from which A.T.S. are recruited is approximately 21·8 per thousand per annum, the pregnancy rate for single A.T.S. women is 15·4. It should be borne in mind, of course, that a number of women are already pregnant before they are recruited for the Services. "We can say with certainty that the illegitimate birth-rate in the Services is lower than that among the comparable civilian population."

IN uniforms of khaki, Air Force blue, and navy, women have given bountiful proof of their courage and capacity during three years and more of war. Now the women in the home, office, and factory—there's not much doubt about *their* courage and capacity, either!—are (subject to a number of exemptions) about to be enlisted in Mr. Herbert Morrison's army of fire watchers. But some women, and quite a lot of men, are up in arms against the decision.

WOMAN IN THE NEWS. In peacetime glamorous film stars are among Fleet Street's favourite features, but now the spotlight is centred on women in the uniform of the Services or the garb of industry and transport—such as Jean Dale here, one of the 55,000 women employed on Britain's railways. *Photo, Keystone*

Strong opposition has been voiced in Liverpool City Council on the grounds that women are exempted from fire-watching in the City of London, and that, from the point of view of morality, women should not be required to be about the streets of Liverpool at night. Moreover, it is said that there are plenty of men, and young men at that, who are dodging the fireguard roster. The London Chamber of Commerce, too, has joined in the protests; women, it feels, should not be employed on fire-watch in warehouses and old properties, where it is not possible to provide amenities.

At the Trade Union Congress at Blackpool on Sept. 9, Mr. Hallsworth declared that the proposal ought to be resisted since "if there was any loss of life among women with husbands or sweethearts in the Services, there would be a strong revulsion of feeling against putting women to fight fire bombs"; and, besides, if women are to be enlisted, then they ought to receive the same rates of compensation for injuries as men—surely a most reasonable demand." And here is a typically feminine reaction: "We have all had to fight the fire bombs voluntarily in the past," a young woman working in Liverpool is reported as saying, "and women have done their share. But I couldn't stand a night in this office with all the rats and mice running about . . ."

And while on the subject of fires, in this war women are being conjured *not* to "keep the home fires burning." The fuel question has become increasingly serious—though dilly-dallying, assert the Government's critics—and Major Lloyd George and his experts at the new Ministry of Fuel have embarked on a great fuel-saving campaign.

"The Battle for Fuel is on" shriek advertisements in every newspaper; and householders are exhorted to study little diagrams from which their Fuel Targets may be deduced. Every individual is entitled to a personal allowance of 15 Fuel Units—a unit hitherto unknown to science, and one for whose birth no good reason seems to have been advanced; and for the rest, there are allowances graded according to the number of inhabited rooms and the situation of the house—in the North, Midlands, or the South. Criticism of the scheme has been loud and long. The Ministry has been charged with ignorance of the fact that in Britain the isotherms tend to range from west to east, and not from north to south: Essex is much colder than Cornwall, and the Western Isles of Scotland have milder winters very often than are experienced in London. Some unkind critics of our bureaucrats have suggested that the reason why the dwellers in the northern parts of the country are to get more fuel is because the many Civil Servants exiled there have cold feet! Then those who are dependent on paraffin urge that they are unfairly treated as compared with those who use coal, gas, and electricity. But, as the writer of a letter to the Daily Telegraph puts it very sensibly: "No doubt there are many flaws in the scheme, but it gives us housewives something definite to bite on, instead of just vaguely turning down the gas when the pot is boiling, hoping that this will help the war effort somehow."

SHORT socks and no hats! Here is Mr. Dalton at it again, compelling us to take yet another step—or rather two steps—along the road to wartime austerity. "I think we shall all more and more have to go without hats," he said the other day; "anybody who retains his natural hair ought to go without a hat." A few days later came the news that the Board of Trade has given instructions to manufacturers of "Utility" wear that no more normal-length socks are to be made during the war; henceforth men's socks are to be 9 in. in length as against 14½ in. as now worn.

Another item of interest on the clothing front is that the next instalment of coupons must go a bit farther, to March 31, 1943; in other words, the brown coupons are to be available for 5½ months as compared with 4½ months of the previous green coupons. As at present arranged the red coupons the last of the three blocks of twenty in the current book are to last until July 31 next; but, warns Mr. Dalton, shipping losses have been heavy, and, although recently there has been some improvement, there is likely to be a severe strain on imports for some time ahead. So we are not to make plans on the assumption that we are going to get a new supply of coupons on August 1 of next year.

JUST a few figures to wind up with. "Out of every hundred occupied men and women in this country," Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production, told the Americans in a broadcast on August 27, "about 55 are working for the Government, either in the forces or in the factories, or in other branches of Government service; almost all the rest are doing work which, even if it serves the civilian population, is necessary to the conduct of the war. To reach our present level *you* would need to have very nearly 40,000,000 working for the Government."

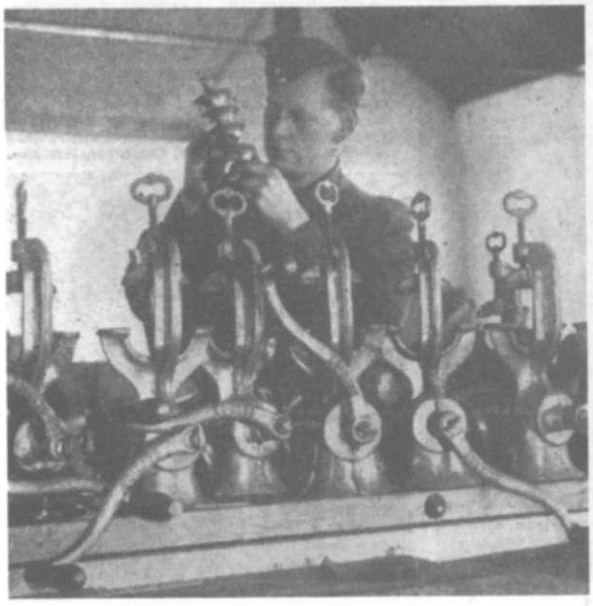
That is the human aspect; now for the financial. "We have just completed three years of war," said Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, when asking the Commons to find a further £1,000,000,000 for the prosecution of the war. "In those three years the war has cost us £10,000,000,000 and, including the cost of the debt and our normal peacetime services, our total expenditure has been £12,100,000,000. Of this huge total we have met 40 per cent out of taxation."

And before the war Fascists told us—and there were some in this country who believed them—that we were a decadent people!

Tanks or Watches, R.E.M.E. Mends Them All

BRITAIN'S LATEST ARMY 'CORPS'—the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers—came into being on Oct. 1, 1942. It is responsible for Army mechanical maintenance. Hauling an armoured vehicle from a ditch (left). Above, Polish fitters working on a tank.

'R.E.M.E.' will be primarily and chiefly responsible for maintaining the Army's machines in proper working order. Above, an A.T.S. engraver, attached to the Corps, works on repairing a gun sight. Below, Army mincing-machines are being put in order.

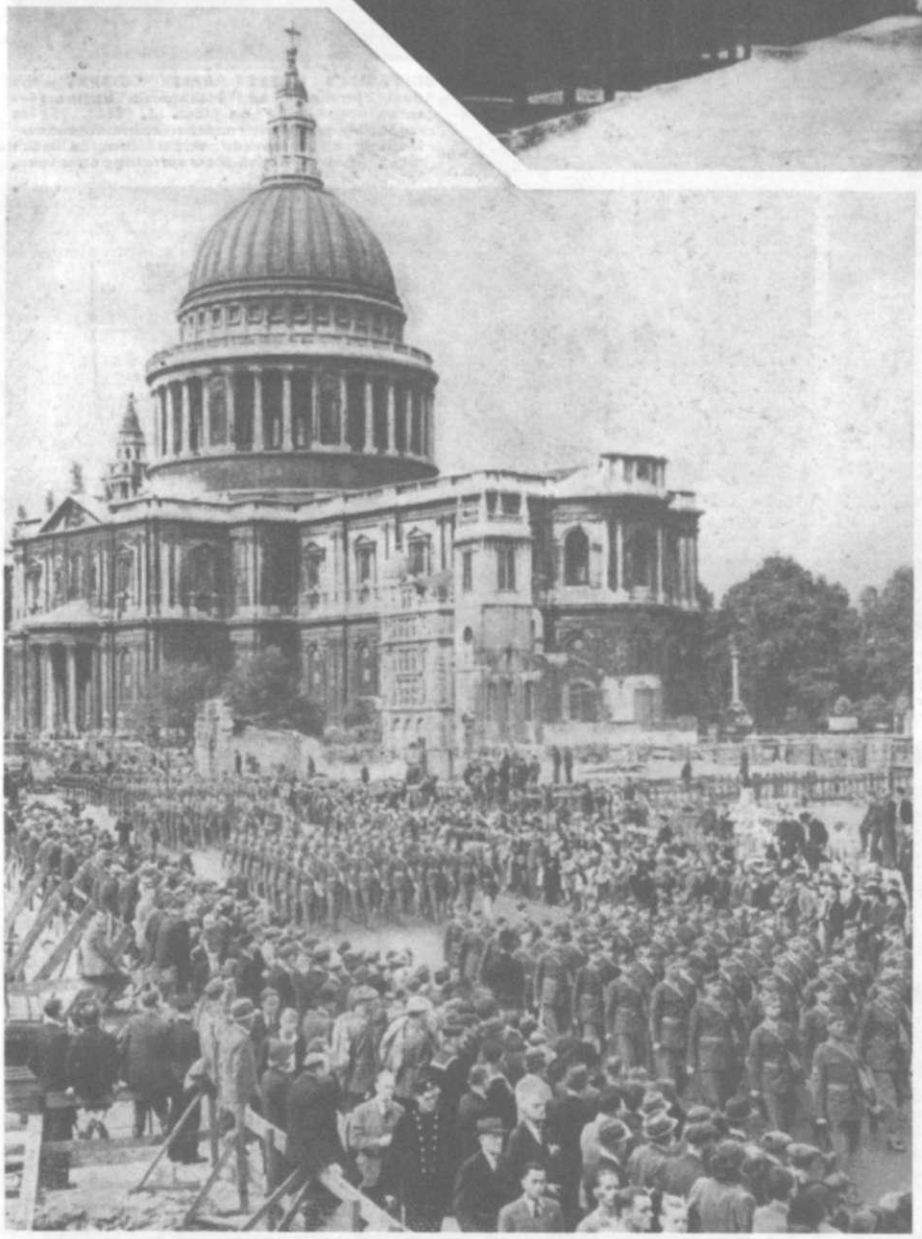


ASSEMBLING A 25-POUNDER GUN (above) is a job that demands strength and technical proficiency. Most of the men in the new Corps have been transferred from the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and the R.A. Service Corps. *Fox, Daily Mirror*

Brave Deeds Recalled by Our Roving Camera

HERO OF TOBRUK. Mr. H. A. Barker, to whom an M.B.E. was awarded on August 14, 1942, is a Y.M.C.A. official who, after the taking of Tobruk in January 1941 opened a centre in the town and, in spite of hardships and bombing, remained manfully at his post throughout the siege.

LONDON'S NEW DEEP SHELTERS (above), formed in sections of a new underground railway to be opened after the War, show many improvements over some of the older types. When completed they will sleep some 64,000 people—representing about half the present tube shelter accommodation.



U.S. PARADE IN LONDON, on Sept. 2, 1942, was a great success, when 300 American airmen, soldiers, and sailors marched through the City to lunch with Sir John Laurie, the Lord Mayor, in the Guildhall—that historic building has survived five centuries and two Fires of London. Here is the procession in Cannon Street with a freshly-visible St. Paul's in the background.

Photos, British Official: The Daily Express, Planet News, Sport & General, Daily Mirror

MALTA CONVOY AWARDS. Among the first D.S.O.s of the Merchant Navy are Captain David R. MacFarlane and Captain Richard Wren, who are thus honoured for "the great fortitude, seamanship and endurance they displayed in taking merchantmen through to Malta in the face of relentless enemy attacks." Above, Capt. Wren (in civilian clothes) talking to Rear-Admiral R. E. Burrough, C.B.; below, Capt. MacFarlane.

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

'We Will Stick it in Malta. We Will Win'

"It means a lot to us to know that you in England are not forgetting us. It helps us to take it when we know we are not fighting unnoticed." So writes our young Maltese correspondent, John Mizzi, in another letter to the Editor, some of the most interesting passages of which are printed below.

ONE day in April last a Maltese L.A.C., training in Canada, stepped out of a train and went to the restaurant of the railway station. It happened that the Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Athlone, came to the same restaurant just as the L.A.C. was sitting down. The earl stopped in the doorway and scanned the room. His eyes alighted on the word "Malta" on the aircraftman's tunic. He went up to him at a brisk pace with a smile on his face, gave him a friendly pat on the back, and sat down at the same table as the Maltese lad. He praised Malta, and before leaving—would you believe it?—he invited the Maltese L.A.C. to pay him a visit at his home in Ottawa, if he ever happened to be there.

All this tribute to my little island, when you outside Malta don't even know three-fourths of what we have been enduring . . . We will stick it, though. Better this than hear the tramp of German jackboots and the unending bragging of the Italians. I *know* we will win. I feel it in my bones. I see Britain's air might growing here. I see Germany's biting the dust. The R.A.F. is grand. Had it not been for the Spitfires and the men who fly them Malta would have been in a far worse fix. I won't say Malta would have been crushed. Malta never will be crushed—never. God knows whom to protect, as much as we know Whom to ask for help. It is not very hard to see that Almighty God has his arms round little Malta.

If I look from my back window I see a house razed to the ground; if I look from the balcony I see the spot where a boy was killed by a dirty Italian tip-and-run raider. If I go into the garden I might tumble in a crater from an exploded D.A. bomb; if I go on the roof I see the planes, the Spitfires confident and eager, the four-engined planes, and the sleek fast-moving Beaufort fighters; and underneath this canopy of air might I see, through the tears in my eyes, I see destruction. My poor island blown to pieces, fields uplifted, and every corner the scene of some tragedy. But I see something else. I see the people weaving in and out of the rubble, laughing, confident in God, sure of victory; and the spirit of the men of 1565, and of the murdered of 1940, 1941, 1942, looking on with sympathy and pride.

THERE is at a certain spot in Valetta a statue of Christ the King with Malta kneeling in fervent prayer at His feet (*see* photo right). This statue is on the outskirts of the city, and was surrounded by trees, situated in an airy place overlooking the two harbours. I wish you could see it now. More bombs have fallen round that spot than any other place in the whole world. The trees there now are leaning sideways, black and withering. The small garden around the monument is one huge crater, and all around there is devastation and desolation. But there God still reigns supreme, with Malta never losing faith at His feet. The statue is not even bruised. That is a sign from God. A man can be killed, but not his faith. Man may have his way, but God sees all and pays back in due time and in due proportions.

Not long ago bombs fell in our garden. The bomb-disposal squad men came, three in all, an officer and two N.C.O.s, to explode them. The lieutenant was a strapping lad of twenty-one, with red face and unruly hair. He and the other two were the coolest men on earth. They picked up the bombs as if they were loaves of bread, took them to a field and exploded them there. Father called them in and gave them drinks, and our neighbours gave them fruit, grapes or figs. They had been exploding bombs all day.

Well, the couple of N.C.O.s went to where my brother was looking at some "comics" and picked up one each. "Better than bombs," grinned one. "Haven't seen any of these for ages." They were human, after all, these men who were playing with death themselves to save others from death . . .

CHRIST THE KING, the statue at Valetta, Malta, referred to in this page. This photo, taken before the war, comes from John Mizzi, the author of the accompanying text. Malta is depicted by the kneeling figure praying at the feet of the Saviour.

Surrounded by bomb craters and distorted trees, this is how the statue appeared last May before the concentrated bombing attacks by the Axis pounded Malta by day and by night. The scene has been transformed from one of peaceful beauty to a grimly realistic setting. The figure of Christ is poised against a background of war-scarred houses. The fury of enemy raids on Malta cannot defeat the heroic spirit of the island's inhabitants. In the words of a captured enemy pilot, "the only way to take Malta is to sink it."

Photo, Sport & General

BRITISH SAILORS ON A FREE FRENCH WARSHIP. Here are the three men whose experiences on La Moqueuse are given below. Left, William Beck, a signalman, who is 20 and lives at Preston, Lancs. Centre, R. T. Fryer, 21-year-old coder, who comes from Birkenhead; this photograph confirms his own claim (see below) to have mastered the phrase "Donnez-moi du feu, s'il vous plaît." Right, J. A. T. Woods, also 21, whose home is in Surrey; like William Beck, he is a signalman, and, like all the Englishmen aboard La Moqueuse, he is obviously on excellent terms with his French shipmates.
Photos, Forces Françaises Libres

We're English Sailors in Free France's Navy

Serving on board the Free French sloop La Moqueuse is a little group of English seamen, and here some of them describe how well they have settled down to work with their French shipmates.

It was in Pompey Barracks about a year ago (it is William Beck speaking) I first heard of La Moqueuse. The Master-at-Arms said, "You're to go to the Moqueuse." "What's that?" I asked. "French ship," he said. Well, I can tell you it was a bit of a poser, me not knowing a word of their lingo.

However, I arrived and found I wasn't the only Englishman on board, so that made it a bit less strange-like. Then I found that there wasn't much difference between the way the French matelots did things and the way we do 'em. Of course, all the names are different, but when you get to know them it isn't so bad, and it's wonderful what you can do with sign language if you try.

We find it pretty comfortable on board, and I took to their red wine—"Pinard," they call it—like a duck to water. The victuals are good, too. The only thing we English fellows don't like is all the garlic they put in the food, but we went and saw the cook about it and now he cooks a lot without any.

I'm a signalman; by the way, all the British ratings on board are in the communications side of it. Our job is to help with all signals and things like that. You see, it's a bit hard for the Frenchies when they're out with British ships to take down signals and translate them quickly in English—so we're there to make it a bit easier.

I've seen quite a few places since I've been with the Moqueuse—French colonies for instance, which British people don't see so often; and I've seen them go for the Jerries a few times, U-boats and aeroplanes mostly. And let me tell you this: The Free Frenchies are O.K.

To R. T. Fryer, a twenty-one-year-old coder on board the Moqueuse, the strangest thing on a French warship is the language difficulty.

As one becomes accustomed to it, however, one quickly begins to pick up small French phrases such as "Donnez-moi du feu, s'il vous plaît." Usually, however, we speak English, as most of the French boys have managed to pick up our language quite well and they prefer us to speak in English as they are all very keen to improve. However, of course, we like to show off our French, and so they do not have it all their own way, and often it happens that we speak in French and they answer in English. We can all tell the time like Frenchmen now and are quite proud of ourselves. Naturally there are some phrases which we picked up quickly. If at any time we get into really deep water, there is always a dictionary at hand. My fellow watch-keeper could not speak any English when he first joined this ship, but through great use of the dictionary he is becoming very efficient, and similarly my French is improving by leaps and bounds.

The Free French are very keen about the part they are playing in this struggle, and they are never happier than when at sea chasing U-boats or shooting down enemy aircraft. If anyone ever had any doubts about the Free French Navy all they need do is to see these boys in action.

Then, to conclude, here is what another signalman, J. A. T. Woods, says about La Moqueuse.

Life on board the F.S. La Moqueuse comes very strange to English sailors at first. The routine and food, etc., are much different from an English ship, but of course you get used to things in time. It can be very monotonous, with a few high spots, such as French bugle calls and the English newspaper, Moqueuse Mercury (one copy daily), which is edited and published by our "Sparker."

Fun can be had in our efforts to speak French and trying to teach the Frenchmen English. One can very easily guess the type of words which are learnt first. Having been on the ship for over ten months, I have made good friends on board, and am able to get on very well with them. It's grand to be shipmates with men so eager to fight the common enemy, and wipe them from the earth to make it a better place to live in.

'Shake Hands! I'm From Tobruk'

A month after the fall of Tobruk Lieut. T. A. Nicol, of the Cameron Highlanders, walked into the British lines 300 miles away. Here is the story which he told to Norman Clark, News Chronicle War Correspondent.

Our battalion position was on the outskirts of Tobruk perimeter. The enemy gave us time enough only to dig slit trenches a few inches deep, then unleashed bombs and shells upon us. Machine-guns and anti-tank 2-pounders, that's all we had. Every time we lifted our heads 25-pounders, captured by the enemy some time during the Eighth Army's withdrawal from Gazala, opened up point-blank at us. So we kept our heads down.

That went on all of Saturday (June 20). Next morning we noticed big bodies of our troops marching down the road in fours. We couldn't make it out at all. To start with, we thought it a little too foolhardy; and files of four of marching columns puzzled us. The enemy's guns, too, were not firing—except at us.

We could see groups of Italians walking about in front of us, smoking. Then seven Italian tanks began to move down the road firing straight ahead.

We were at the side of the road less than 100 yards away. We let the tanks come on, then with our single two-pounder picked them off, one by one, starting with the one bringing up the rear and working up to the front. That brought fire upon us, but our casualties were light.

For the rest of the day we lay low. At dusk we could see Italians walking about, still smoking glowing cigarettes. That wasn't like them, we thought, but communications with the division had broken down, and until a runner returned we could but fight on.

After midnight a party came towards me with a white flag. We could see by the moon it was a German officer and three South African officers. He came up to me first and said the garrison had surrendered, that it was no use resisting, and that they didn't want to kill any more. "War is over for all of you," he kept on saying.

I passed him on to the colonel, to whom he announced that, unless the battalion surrendered and word was taken back to headquarters within an hour, the three South African officers, who were hostages for our good conduct, would be shot.

The colonel had no alternative. He called officers before him, told them the position, and said: "The battalion will fall in on the road at 5 a.m. with rations and kit necessary as prisoners of war." But apart from wounded I don't think a single officer obeyed the colonel's last order. We were so bitter about it all, we one and all decided to get away if we could.

Before the battalion fell in on the road—there must have been fewer than a platoon that were marched away—parties set out independently, carrying what water rations they could. Before it was light we made our way to a hole in the ground, and lay under a sheet of corrugated iron throughout the day.

At dusk I had a look out with my field-glasses. I could see little parties getting up out of holes all around us to make what

distance they could during darkness. It did one's heart good to see so many taking the chance. They were everywhere one looked, climbing out of their hide-outs and stepping out for the frontier.

It took us a fortnight to get to the wire. We had no water left. We drank what rusty water we could drain out of the radiators of derelict trucks. A wounded corporal whose back was beginning to fester had to be left, as comfortable as possible, beside the road along which every now and again a lorry passed.

Another mile or two and we had to rest every 50 yards or less. Then I saw a barrel. "Petrol, I'll bet," somebody said. I said—something seemed to tell me it would turn out to be water—I said, "No, it's water this time, boys." They all laughed at me. But I crawled over, cupped my hand into it, tasted it. It was water. The others didn't believe me, but saw me gulping it down and stumbled up to the barrel—a 44-gallon barrel it was.

We gorged ourselves with it. Our tongues were black and swollen through drinking rusty radiator water. The skin on our faces was black, too. We just drank and drank. It made us sick. But we'd go away to vomit, then come back again.

After a night's sleep we made for the next well I could find on the map. When we got there we found near it a ration dump—tinned meat and vegetable stew, bully, dried fruits, cigarettes. We stayed there eight days recovering our strength. We couldn't believe any of our luck was true. But all the time we had before us the determination to get through after enduring so much.

We could see German trucks on the skyline and kept away from them. Then, one day, we held up a German lorry that came towards us and bowled along for miles—until we found ourselves inside an Italian wired position which was being shelled by our guns.

GERMAN TANK AT TOBRUK—a photo taken since Rommel's capture of the port on June 21, 1942. Tobruk was the scene of a combined operations raid on September 13, when our bombers and naval units bombarded the port and landing parties went ashore. After inflicting damage our forces withdrew. Two British destroyers, Sikh and Zulu, were reported sunk.
Photo, Associated Press

We abandoned the lorry and hid in a hole. An Italian came into it and said something. We mumbled back. Then he sat on the edge dangling his feet. We thought we were finished, and began hiding revolvers and our compass in the sand. We ate our last food before his eyes. Then he went away—to bring back more guards, we thought. Ten minutes passed. He didn't come back. We could see Italians everywhere, even Italian officers eating outside a mess truck. But nobody took any notice of us. When that Italian didn't come back and dusk fell I got down on my knees and said a prayer. Then we walked through a hole made in the wire by a shell.

One morning I saw what I took to be bushes, and heard someone say, "Come on, it's five o'clock." Without thinking I looked at my watch. It was five o'clock.

Then I jumped—that was somebody speaking English. I had been almost too unconscious to realize it. Going up to the bush—it was a lorry—in the half light I pushed a revolver into a man's ribs. "Are you English?" I demanded. "Yes, why?" came the reply. "Thank God," I said. "Shake hands! I'm from Tobruk."

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

SEPT. 2, 1942, Wednesday *1,096th day*
Air.—Strong force of R.A.F. bombers made heavy night attack on Karlsruhe.
Russian Front.—After stubborn fighting the Russians withdrew in one sector of the Stalingrad front.
Australasia.—Japs increased their attacks in Kokoda area of New Guinea.

SEPT. 3, Thursday *1,097th day*
Russian Front.—Further slight withdrawal by Russians S.W. of Stalingrad.
Australasia.—Japanese made fresh landings in the south-eastern Solomons.
General.—Señor Suñer displaced from his position as Foreign Minister and President of the Political Junta of the Falange.

SEPT. 4, Friday *1,098th day*
Air.—U.S. Fortresses made heavy daylight raid on Rouen. R.A.F. attacked Bremen by night, while Soviet bombers raided Budapest, Vienna, Breslau and Königsberg.
Russian Front.—German progress S.W. of Stalingrad halted by Russian defence.
Africa.—Rommel's armoured divisions withdrew to the west under pressure from our forces.
Home.—Attacks by bomb and rifle fire on several police stations in Northern Ireland.

SEPT. 5, Saturday *1,099th day*
Russian Front.—Russians continued to hold up German progress towards Stalingrad and the Grozny oilfields.
Africa.—Enemy main concentrations continued to withdraw westward.
Australasia.—Attacks by Allied fighters and bombers on New Guinea aerodromes.

SEPT. 6, Sunday *1,100th day*
Air.—American Flying Fortresses and Boston bombers made daylight attacks on airfields at Abbeville and St. Omer and air-frame factory at Méaulte. A strong force of bombers attacked Duisburg by night.
Russian Front.—Defenders of Stalingrad continued to hold their ground. Germans claimed capture of Novorossisk.
Africa.—Our forces harassed the enemy, who continued to move westwards.
Home.—Sharp air attack on north-east town.

SEPT. 7, Monday *1,101st day*
Air.—U.S. Fortresses in daylight raids on Rotterdam and Utrecht shot down 12 enemy fighters without loss.
Russian Front.—Russians withdrew to new positions W. of Stalingrad; fighting for Novorossisk continued.

SEPT. 8, Tuesday *1,102nd day*
Air.—Daylight raids on docks at Cherbourg and Le Havre. Heavy night attack on Frankfurt.
Russian Front.—Further withdrawal by Russians west of Stalingrad. Germans reported that fighting was still going on in Novorossisk.
Africa.—R.A.F. bombers made heavy raid on Tobruk.
Australasia.—In New Guinea Japs advancing from Kokoda reached a point 10 m. N. of gap in the Owen Stanley Range.

SEPT. 9, Wednesday *1,103rd day*
Air.—Whirlwind fighter-bombers in action for first time against shipping off French coast. Soviet bombers raided Budapest, Berlin and Königsberg.
Russian Front.—On South Volga front Russians again withdraw W. of Stalingrad. Germans broke into the suburbs at Novorossisk.

SEPT. 10, Thursday *1,104th day*
Air.—A powerful force of R.A.F. bombers raiding Düsseldorf made the heaviest attack yet made on a moonless night.
Russian Front.—Three more places W. of Stalingrad evacuated by Russians. Street battles took place in Novorossisk.
Africa.—Our mobile columns and artillery engaged enemy tanks W. of Hemeimat.
Indian Ocean.—British troops began further military operations in Madagascar, making widespread landings on the west coast.
Australasia.—Fighting in New Guinea took a graver turn as the Japanese outflanked our positions in the gap in the Owen Stanley Range.

SEPT. 11, Friday *1,105th day*
Russian Front.—Evacuation of Novorossisk announced by Russians. Round Stalingrad the Russians held their ground, and on the central and northern fronts continued to make progress.
Indian Ocean.—Our columns made progress inland from west coast of Madagascar.

SEPT. 12, Saturday *1,106th day*
Russian Front.—Russians withdrew in sector S.W. of Stalingrad.
Africa.—Large force of bombers of S.A.A.F. attacked landing-grounds E. of Mersa Matruh.
Burma.—R.A.F. heavy bombers raided Mandalay and Rangoon.
Australasia.—Japs launched large-scale air and sea attacks on American positions at Guadalcanal in the Solomons.

SEPT. 13, Sunday *1,107th day*
Air.—Strong force of R.A.F. bombers made heavy raid on Bremen, while Soviet bombers attacked Bucharest and Ploesti.
Russian Front.—Russians held all their positions W. and S.W. of Stalingrad. On Barents Sea coast Soviet Marines made a "Commando" landing.
China.—Chinese forces recaptured Kufang on the Chekiang-Kiangsi railway.
Australasia.—Jap bombers made heavy attacks on airfield at Guadalcanal. During the night of Sept. 13-14 American positions were shelled by Jap surface craft.

SEPT. 14, Monday *1,108th day*
Sea.—Canadian Navy Ministry announced loss of patrol vessel Raccoon and four merchant ships.
Air.—R.A.F. bombers attacked Wilhelmshaven in force.
Russian Front.—Germans made no advance in the battle for Stalingrad. On the Caucasus front the Russians withdrew at Mozdok.
Mediterranean.—U.S. bombers raided docks at Suda Bay, Crete.
Africa.—On the night of Sept. 13-14 our forces made seaborne raid on Tobruk in conjunction with heavy air attack.
Indian Ocean.—Our troops in Madagascar continued to make progress into the interior, meeting little opposition.
Australasia.—Jap bombers again raided airfield at Guadalcanal.
U.S.A.—Liberator bombers attacked Jap installations in the Aleutians, sinking or damaging several ships and aircraft.

Sept. 15, Tuesday *1,109th day*
Russian Front.—German assault on Stalingrad reaching its height, with mass air attacks.
Mediterranean.—Our bombers attacked docks at Heraklion, Crete.
General.—Announced that Canadian casualties in Dieppe raid of August 19 totalled 3,350 killed, wounded and missing.

Flash-backs

1939

September 3. *Britain and France declared war on Germany.*
September 11. *B.E.F.'s presence in France announced.*

1940

September 3. *U.S.A. agreed to transfer 50 destroyers to Royal Navy.*
September 7. *In heaviest air attacks yet made on London, 103 German aircraft were destroyed.*
September 15. *Battle of Britain reached its climax; 185 German aircraft shot down.*

1941

September 8. *Announcement of Allied raid on Spitzbergen.*
September 15. *Germans claimed to have reached suburbs of Leningrad.*

Editor's Postscript

THE fourth winter of black-out will presently be upon us. Few will regard it with indifference. One really does not get used to black-out; only those whose deeds are dark can welcome it. The sense of frustration which it spreads over so large an area of our social life is very wearing. Everywhere, but in London especially, the transport problem makes us acutely aware of petrol restrictions. Frantic cries of "taxi! taxi!" in shrill, stentorian, and cheery or beery voices that echo through the night make us more than ever conscious of the great service which the taximen, who brave the black-out dangers, render the community. With few exceptions they have done, and are doing, their job efficiently and in good temper. As one who uses taxis more than most, I consider they ought all to get double fare in black-out runs, especially at a late hour when their limited supply of petrol is nearing exhaustion. It is no uncommon thing for a driver to get stranded by endeavouring to carry an exigent fare beyond the distance he reckoned his juice would serve. Past eleven last night I heard a swaggering officer at the door of a Mayfair hotel command a driver to take him to Liverpool Street—no small stretch—and when the taximan quite reasonably pointed out that his petrol was insufficient to bring him back to his West-End garage, the officer blustered and insisted on getting into the cab, telling the driver he had better get a move on or he'd make trouble.

IT looks as though some adaptation of the "jitney" system, which allows taxis to carry several individual fares on the same route, may yet have to be permitted in London. Why shouldn't drivers follow certain routes, like the buses, and pick up or let down passengers by the way? The obvious answer is that the taximeter is set for one hire, and hopeless confusion would arise in respect to apportioning the fares, while trouble might inevitably result if drivers were allowed to exact what they wanted from each passenger; the old "pirate" days might be back again! Another and even greater objection would be that you might find yourself at too close quarters with tipplers, trulls, and thieves . . . which settles it! Human ingenuity might be equal to inventing a night service that came between the taxi and the bus, but human character and common dishonesty stand in the way of its working.

TALKING of dishonesty, there was a case in the papers this morning of "the perfect clerk" who robbed his employers of more than £3,000 in eighteen months. He got four years and the police have recovered more than half of his swag. Perhaps he would have been glad of the four years had he got away with all his peculations. "Opportunity makes a thief," said Francis Bacon, and he spoke from experience, as he had done a bit "in a big way" himself when opportunity offered, though he got out of the £40,000 fine imposed upon him. Having no very high estimate of human honesty, I am certain that the present confusion will lead to an enormous increase in roguery. The monstrous growth of bureaucracy, enabling multitudes of men and women to handle sums of so-called public money which is passing from private possession into their clutches and being squandered in ways that are nominally "official" but criminally wasteful, can have no result other than a general debasing of the standard of honest dealings. Some day a painstaking statistician may be able to tell us how much of the £14,000,000 being daily "spent on the War" has honestly been applied in war effort. The wastage will call for astronomical figures to express it. And all that wastage is encouraging dishonesty and strengthening the natural bent of ordinary mortals towards carelessness in money matters and the property of others—a tendency that, even before the War, stood in little need of strengthening.

QUEEN WILHELMINA of [the Netherlands celebrated her 62nd birthday on August 31, 1942, amid the rejoicing of [thousands of her loyal subjects. She attended an important Dutch festival held in London. The Queen recently visited Canada and the U.S.
Photo, New York Times Photos

WHAT a chancy affair is death! As a Glasgow comedian, long before Harry Lauder made their school famous, used to put it: "We're here th' day an' awa' th' morn', like the Belfast boat." Through my own long day I have never been able quite to throw off my feeling of the impermanence of living things, have never needed a skeleton at my feast of life. A light heart has been an enduring help, but the sudden and unexpected withdrawals of familiar friends and acquaintances bring sorrowful thoughts that will not be denied. As today, when I read in my morning paper that William Murdoch, with whom I was talking a few weeks ago as full of life and kindliness as I have known him over many years, had died at the early age of 54. Since modern science has added some fifteen years to the Psalmist's allowance, so that 85 is now as common a "span" as three score and ten used to be, most men are still on the crest of life in their fifties. Murdoch was one of the finest pianists of his age, and as unlike the showman type of musician as could be imagined. A scholar, a profound student of his art, a master executant, and withal a modest and a charming companion. I have always thought that his acceptance in Norway as the ideal interpreter of Grieg's music was a singular honour, but perhaps it was not so strange that an Australian should be the favourite player of Norway's favourite composer, for both of them were of Scottish origin. If Murdoch's span has proved short it must have been gloriously worth while to him, and come the day when it may that's a great matter. His death might have had wider notice had he called himself Murdokovsky.

LOOKING across a far-stretching Sussex common this morning for the many thousandth time, I found myself still marvelling at the strangeness of the scene that first engaged me about midsummer, by which I mean the middle of June, for this year the summer has had neither a beginning, a middle, nor an end. Behold a journey back in time! A motor car in this rural landscape has become almost a rare sight, quite as unusual as when I first started driving one nearly forty years ago. But the bicycle has come into its own again. Numerous cyclists go skimming by on their silent wheels and only the laughter from little groups (for they are mostly young folk and have not yet learned to be unhappy) draws the eye to what the ear has first detected. My own cycling years in the green Midlands instantly flash back, though the astounding changes of nearly fifty years have passed between. Old motorist though I am, I sometimes wish this present vogue of the bicycle might long continue. But that is a vain thought, which reminds me of the hard-working Lancashire woman I knew in Bolton with her family of three delightful young children. As I complimented her on them she sighed and said: "Oh, if they could only stay like that and not grow up!" A whole world of vain thoughts is contained in that wish.

BUT I am apprehensive of what this new state of our highways and byways portends. Already in London I have noticed that the dithering jay walkers are increasing alarmingly and the motor drivers that remain have to face anew the trials that beset us in those early days when men, women and children, horses and dogs had not yet grown used to mechanical traffic. Children are playing again in the middle of the roads, and less often now do you notice pedestrians taking precautionary glances right or left; they just step off the kerb as though all wheeled traffic had ceased. In country lanes the only things to keep the wits of wanderers sharpened are Bren carriers and military wagons which make so much noise that they are really less dangerous to walkers than groups of cyclists or the infrequent car. Even the dogs, who have shown more adaptability than the humans in acquiring road sense, may now be in danger of losing it in such peaceful highway conditions as I have been looking at this morning, where, before the War, constant streams of motorists were passing in four directions all through the hours of the day and far into the night.

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